

DECEMBER, 1953

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Bright

*Space craft etc
(Rev) Leo Williamson P. 42-43*

HORIZONS

A Monthly Magazine of Psychical Enlightenment



Nothing but Soulcraft



**"My only companion was
Laska, a mammoth
police dog . . ."**

wrote WILLIAM DUDLEY PELLEY
in beginning the article that was
to make magazine and metaphysi-
cal history in America under the
title of—

**"My Seven Minutes
in Eternity"**

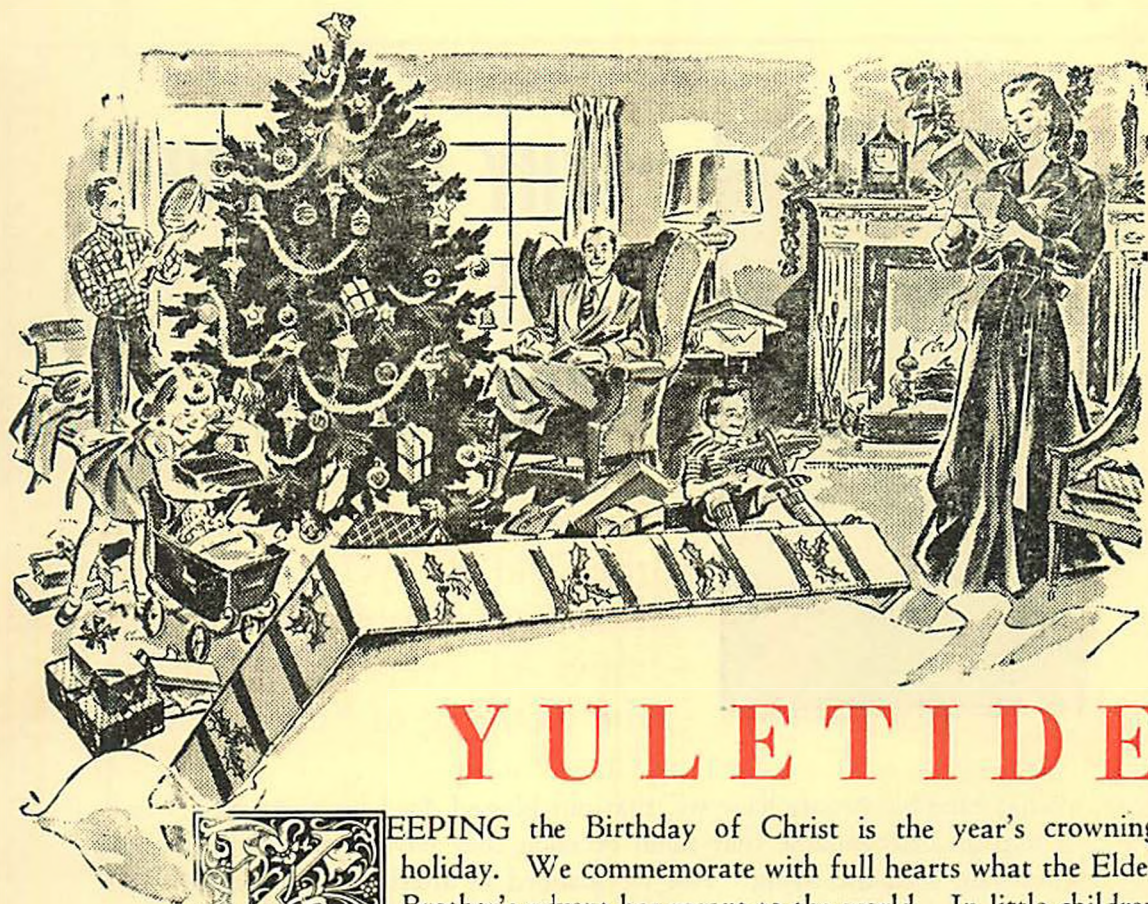
Perhaps you recall the furore this
article caused when printed in the
March *American Magazine* back in
1929. Its author had gone to sleep
of a May night in a California bun-
galow to find his soul-consciousness
quitting his body and gaining to a
plane where he encountered scores
of "dead" acquaintances face to face!
Returning to his body, he stayed in
touch with sages on the Higher Oc-
taves by a dramatically aroused Ex-
tra-Sensory Perception.

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Soulcraft philosophy, a million
or more words, came from this
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confirmed the faith of a
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YULETIDE



KEEPING the Birthday of Christ is the year's crowning holiday. We commemorate with full hearts what the Elder Brother's advent has meant to the world. In little children it exercises the happiest of reflexes, for it ushers them into a paradise of gifts which subconsciously they associate with glamors and generosities. But have the real Christ Principles ever been otherwise, even to grownup children, when taken at their worth? The great study called SOULCRAFT makes a perpetual Yuletide of the Christ Memorial, in that it brings glamors and generosities around the whole year. You may find in this magazine many ideas that startle you, but there are those Wisemen in life who know that the full Christ Story has never been told. Think of its pages as gifts of fresh frankincense and myrrh offered in the new Nativity of Understanding, seeking to make the Light of the Christ Star perpetual in its radiance, shining around the earth.

Love Knows No Burden but Wisdom



"WHY I BELIEVE THE DEAD ARE ALIVE!"

**Twenty Years' Experiences in
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ena, with autobiographical nar-
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Noblesville, Indiana

BRIGHT HORIZONS

A Monthly Magazine of Instruction and Inspiration
from Sources Behind or Above the Mortal



BRIGHT HORIZONS calls public attention to new mystical concepts based on *Psychical Discoveries of Higher Life Phenomena* beginning to gleam with increasing splendor in the prospects of man's spiritual vision as the Aquarian Age comes in. It acclaims the recovery of the original Christian Message, with the Ecclesiastic Influence expurgated and discarded . . .

VOLUME ONE

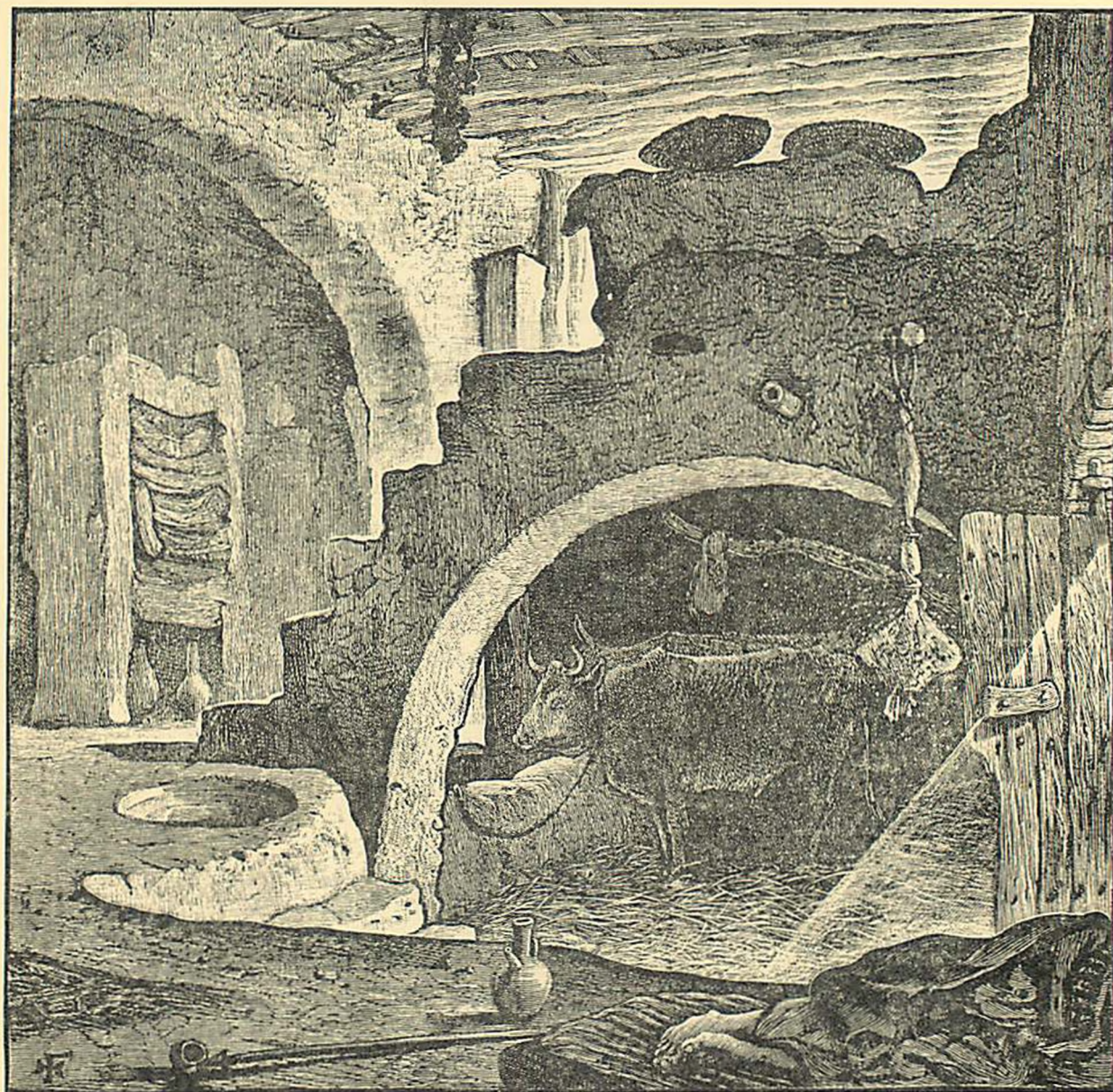
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NUMBER FIVE

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*The Nativity Grotto
at Bethlehem as
it Appears Today . .*

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DO Today's Space Phenomena Throw Light on the Nativity?



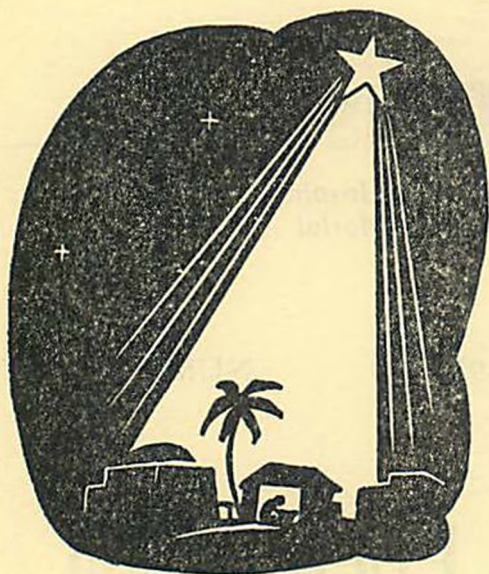
THERE IS a theory for the origin of the Flying Saucers that the scientific world will not entertain, no matter how real it concedes Saucers to be.

It is the theory that the Saucers are not built of fabricated materials, like our earthly airplanes, and propelled by the use of magnetic currents discovered by denizens of outer planets,

so much as thought-form creations from higher octaves of Reality, made seemingly solid by lowering the vibratory rates of the substance in their construction. Intellects that have graduated out of our sensory world, in other words, may, by taking thought, specify the opaqueness or transparency of the craft. Raise the vibrations of the materials above a certain



*CONSIDER the Strange
Possibility that the
Host over Bethlehem
Might Have Been a
Demonstration of
Today's Saucer Men*



velocity and the human eye cannot discern them. The craft may be no less real, but a change in the velocities of their atoms so that light-waves emanating from them are increased by so much as a ten-thousandth of an inch per wave, and the eye cannot "see" them.

The occupants themselves?

The "ethereal" theory has it that they are "risen souls"—in other words, the light-bodies of persons on the Higher Side of Life who have graduated from earthy organisms in the transitions we call Death, and learned ways of lowering their vibrations so that they and their craft have all the consistency of worldly materials.

Fantastic as this theory may sound the first time hearing it, it does remain a fact that wherever interplane communication is established with the Departed—and it is happening nightly in a thousand seance-rooms—such is the explanation for the Saucers advanced by them.

"But the Saucer Men will never disclose this to you," maintained a former colleague of your Editor's, who had materialized one hundred percent at a recent psychical clinic in the Indiana Soulcraft studio and was speaking in

natural voice. "They will prefer to have you think them physical creatures from outer planets, so as not to terrify you."

The alibi seems to have it that average physical mortals would be too shocked to take it, if it ever were scientifically established that the Saucer Men are the same ethereal beings that our human dead may be in their graduated states of spirit.

MEADE LAYNE, director of Borderline Science Research Associates of San Diego, California, was the first to advance this explanation of the Space Ship phenomena, and was hooted to desuetude. Dr. Layne, if the Editor's understanding be correct, obtained such explanation from Yada Shi'ite, trance control of the celebrated medium, Mark Probert. This learned pundit Yada, from the Higher Side of life, explained that the Saucers originated in Etheria of the various planets, or the ethereal realms surrounding them.

Soulcraft was disposed to be skeptical of this at first, and consequently reserved judgment. It was easier to conceive that denizens of neighboring orbs, well in advance of our earth's civilization, had perfected their scientific and mechanical lore till they actually had conquered the reaches of Space. The thought that the Saucer occupants were the souls of persons that had once been mortal, let alone the planet on which they formerly had lived physical lives, and used their fantastic Space Craft to appear and disappear at will, opened the query as to why they might have waited till this late day to make the effect apparent on physical creatures.

George Adamski, who was the first to enjoy a 40-minute converse with one of them in the California desert on November 20, 1952, admitted that his Saucer occupant was "exquisite beyond compare, and I felt like a child in the presence of a God." Substantiating his contention that the Space Voyagers were creatures like ourselves from distant orbs, Adamski declared with every aspect of sincerity that when his Saucer Man tripped and half fell, barking

his forearm on returning to his ship, his forearm seemed to bleed normal blood from the resultant bruise. Well, and does not any physical organism do that, if it sustains life?

Scientists asked one another, how could denizens of such a planet as Venus possibly breathe in our earth atmosphere, since Venus is observed as perpetually immersed in encircling clouds of thick carbon dioxide?

It remained for a seance in his own studio for your Editor to revise his notion of probabilities in the circumstance. He asked his materialized colleague, George B. Fisher, who and what the Saucer Men might be.

"*They're risen souls!*" responded Fisher. "They are people who formerly have lived on earth in mortal bodies as I lived not so long since in a mortal body. You are witnessing what you call 'the dead' returning to you at the opening of this Aquarian Age in their light-bodies, but lowering their vibrations so that they become sluggish enough to be perceptible to your sight and touch."

"That's what Dr. Meade Layne has been trying to tell us," the Editor exclaimed, "and we thought him fantastic."

"*He's one hundred percent right,*" Fisher avowed, "*and to prove it, I'll be coming in to you myself on a flying saucer, one of these days. When you see me and recognize me, you'll just be obliged to accept it.*"

"Then what's the significance of the so-called Mother Ships, George?" your Editor demanded. "I hope you'll agree they're perceptible to earthly telescopes."

"Right!" agreed Fisher. "But the Mother Ships actually are the traveling power-houses, that supply the galvanism for the alteration of the vibrations from fast to slow and *vice versa*. By drawing on the reserve of the Mother Ships, these risen souls can control the degree of their vibrations and thus be visible or invisible to you at will. What you're *really* going to have proven to you scientifically in all of it is the fact that *there is no death to the conscious spirit!*"

The great lesson of the age, yea, verily!

¶ *MAN has never seen
a greater monster or
miracle in this world
than himself! . .*

THERE IT was. Your Editor had declared months before that he would advance no theory about the possible origin of the Space Ships until he had the attestments of his own recognizable "dead"—whom he knew to be more alive themselves in Etheria than anyone upon earth, including himself. And here was the word of mouth testimony from such a one, that the Yada and Dr. Layne had all along been right. Now where does it fit in with exposition of the Christmas Story, and whether or not we may find ourselves dispensing with the festival of Christmas after the Second Coming?

It fits in with the mystical story of Bethlehem and the true nature of the so-called Heavenly Host seen by those watching shepherds;

Likewise it fits in with the eternality of Jesus, and His ability to alter His vibrations at will in order to appear "real" to the observers, on whatever plane it may be expedient for Him to manifest;

Lastly, it fits in with the fact that when universal civilization has it demonstrated that no such thing as death to spirit exists—that the Christ has never died but merely altered His vibratory rate from physicality to the etheric—the keeping of Christmas will be much of a paradox.

Why keep the natal day of a Personage who has not died, but is just as real and tangible in His octave of the moment as He ever was in flesh?

With the Bethlehem Story rationalized—ev-

en scientifically demonstrated—will it not be logical that what the shepherds on those far Judean hillsides saw wasn't truly a star at all but a luminous Mother Ship that had come near to Palestine to convey to this Sorrowful Planet the Spirit of the Great Avatar that was presently to take occupancy of the small infant organism of a woman named Mary and emerge as the Christ during Piscean history?

The Host that sang—

"Glory to God in the highest, and on earth, Peace!

"Good will toward men!" . . .

might have been "risen souls" also, drawing on the "star" that was the Mother Ship from Etheria for the power to make their appearances and voicings of seeming reality to the watching shepherds.



CERTAINLY Soulcraft's own mentors have told again and again of "the Host that rusheth unto you" in the Last Days . . . and don't let's overlook that Adamski's desert contact stated to him—according to that history-making book, *Flying Saucers Have Landed*—that he himself, the Saucer Man, had "once lived as a human being on this earth". What could be plainer? What could be stronger attestation of the Layne-Yada claims, confirmed by Soulcraft's Fisher?

People of the loftier regions of consciousness then, on withdrawing from organic bodies, can—if they have the power-houses of a Mother Ship available to them—so lower their vibrations that they become discernible to those ensouled in physical bodies on earth at this period. Seemingly in further confirmation of it, Fisher declared to the Soulcraft group before he finished, "The Saucers are not called

Saucers, of course, to those who employ them to revisit earthly physicalities. But actually they are the craft that again and again may come down to the earthplane in invisible form to bear away the light-bodies of those who have physically died."

IT IS largely because the Nativity Story has been a sentimental mystery to us, that we have kept Christmas as we have—up these last 1900 years—but in the exposition of the Saucer phenomena for what it is, will not the whole fable become as archaic as many of our remaining theological and religious notions?

We have that to think about.

Fisher said before he withdrew from the Soulcraft seance: "Something stupendous is about to be revealed to earthly humankind, and that's how those who have made themselves adept in the Soulcraft tenets are due to have an edge on more average intellects of earth." He did not name this "stupendous something" but even the mind of a child could grasp that it was this same exploding of the fallacy of Death that is so imminent.

What if hosts of the assumedly "dead" utilize the power house of the hovering Mother Ships to return into the earthly state and become perceptible again to husbands, wives, mothers, fathers, sons and daughters, who have poignantly thought of them as gone to "that bourne whence no traveler returneth"?

In view of the whole of it, is it so unhal- lowed or prodigious to conceive of the Lord Christ making His return to this world "to reign for a thousand years" by some similar agency to this flying saucer phenomenon?

We are up against Eternity itself, in this wonder that has broken upon the world!

Both the Bible and the GOLDEN SCRIPTS—not to mention all true mystics up across the years—have prophesied that "in the Last Days" wonders would be seen in earth and heavens.

Soulcraft has told you that it all presages the Second Coming.

Can we accept that in our own time, such prophecies are correct?



Suppose You Could "Think" Yourself into What You Desire?



SOMETIMES what we learn through psychical demonstration sets us back upon our heels, intellectually speaking. Consider what happened in the Soulcraft Studios of an evening this October.

Bertie Lilly Candler, who has now become, without a doubt, the nation's outstanding materializing Medium, had gone into one of her celebrated trances. Out from the velour-draped compartment where she sat inert, were stepping fully-formed, living, breathing, speaking human beings—thirteen of them before the

¶ *WHAT Particular Christmas Gift Might You Make Yourself by Exercising Powers of Creative Thought?*

session ended, six men and seven women. They were of all ages and personalities. Not one of them had been in the Editor's private quarters in physical form before the seance started at 8 p.m.

One's first impression, if one is beholding such phenomena for the original time, is to ask incredulously, "What am I looking at—or hearing?" Long-remembered voices of beloved deceased persons are sounding once again on our eardrums, in tones that we recognize. They are standing before us anew, clothed temporarily in synthetic flesh. They are conversing with us concerning matters known only to us and to them, when they moved among us in normal bodies during their erstwhile lifetimes. Hypnosis is excluded because if we were to sprinkle the floor with sand or chalk, they would leave a record of literal footprints. If we hold a microphone on their conversations, electronic tape picks up every word which they may utter.

As this psychical clinic proceeds, and beloved relatives return and argue earnestly with us that we have been all wrong about Death—that all which "dies" is the physical organism or vehicle—we are "set back on our heels" in respect to the teachings of theology and physiology for a thousand years that have been as incorrect as we might imagine. And when the shock of it has partially worn off, we are perhaps ready for further jolts to our conventional thinking by what these survived souls may capriciously perform . . .

¶ *The question isn't whether men believe in ghosts but whether ghosts believe in men*

ABOUT ninety minutes had been given to the reappearance in substantial bodies of the Editor's 40-year-old daughter Harriet, fol-

lowing a similar materialization of his 1941 colleague in the Soulcraft publishing, George B. Fisher, when a grandmotherly lady made her appearance claiming kinship with one of those present on the earthside.

It was not the first time this particular grandmother had thus taken advantage of the medium's presence to walk out in substantiality before such a group and visit by touch and voice. Possessed of a buoyant and somewhat capricious personality, it pleased her no end that some of those watching were being utterly confounded by her demonstration. So she performed an exploit in ample ruby light that would require to be seen to be appreciated.

She used an invisible rocking chair to sit down and rock before the earthly assemblage. Someone in her audience, seeking to be humorously polite, had called out to her that it was regrettable she had to stand during her appearance before the group of them.

"Oh, don't worry about me sittin' down," she had chuckled. "If I really wanted to sit down, I'd use my own rocking chair. Maybe I'll use it anyhow."

Forthwith she did use it anyhow.

The group beheld her sit in a chair that didn't seem to be there—insofar as mortal sight was concerned—and proceed to rock, not in an oscillating motion from the hips as one might simulate such rocking if he had nothing under him, but with her whole figure, as though reclining backward in such a chair and giving it rocking motion by little shoves of her toes against the rug.

Then she explained something that is the substance of this monograph—

WHEN YOU graduate into these Higher Realms of Matter," she narrated, "you obtain what you may want or need just by the process of *thinking* it into being. On your earthside, when you want a rocking chair, you must go to a furniture store and buy it, before you have it delivered at home where you can use it. And to get that chair into such furniture store, its manufacturer had to cut

and saw lumber and put the materials together with nails, screws or glue. When I want a rocking chair on This Side, I merely think a thought-form of that chair hard enough so that it stays in existence so I can use it. No, you can't see it from your side like you can see me, but it's in existence just the same. If it isn't, what am I sitting on and rocking so, as you now see me?"

No one offered answer.

She was using a rocking chair—twelve or fourteen people in flesh were seeing it demonstrated. And it gave them food for thought.

Already the Soulcraft Enlightenment from such Higher Octaves had informed those present that Thought is actually a creative power and that anything can be brought to material reality if enough of it be applied. Only in the dimensions which our Soul Selves enter after vacating physical organisms, the process is not only easier but can be, and is, affected by anyone making the Passing.

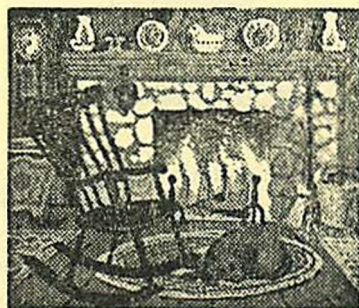
You can possess anything you desire to possess, merely by forming the proper image of it in Thought and gradually bringing it into reality.

At once ten thousand persons on this side would say, "If such a thing were possible, what's to prevent me 'visualizing' a hundred thousand silver dollars, thus making myself wealthy?"

Then the fallacy of any such exploit would become inexorably apparent when one stopped to think that creating ten thousand silver dollars would mean almost nothing to those with whom one had to associate, because nothing could be exchanged for the ten thousand metal discs.

Why should anyone bother to do such exchanging when he could create anything the ten thousand silver dollars would buy, in his own right? It would come to the mental creator of such wealth that it actually isn't Wealth at all. Ten thousand silver dollars only have value on this earthplane because there are people who have goods they are willing to exchange for the discs. On an octave where

anyone may acquire whatsoever goods he needs, merely by thinking them into existence, the concept of what truly constitutes Wealth must alter. All commercial and social culture as well must alter. When there are no more economic wants, by reason of all on the Higher Planes being able to supply their own—through Thought Creation—the entire philosophy of social intercourse must change. Real values take on different significances.



The whole difficulty on this earth plane is, that when ten thousand grandmothers want ten thousand rocking chairs, there first must be a furniture factory financed, machinery installed, the chairs produced "the hard way" from exercise of toil and energy application. Getting onto the Higher Planes, the chairs are produced instantaneously, the manufacturing process occurring within the Thought Process of the creating consumer.

So, with this realization brought home to the benighted son of earth, he is challenged to do some thinking about the nature of True Wealth . .

WE ARE approaching the Yuletide Season when mortals give gifts to one another, as tokens of their mutual affection and esteem. But suppose we strove to think beyond mere gift-exchange and treat with values more enduring in significance.

Suppose you possessed a common kitchen table. Suppose it were totally barren of any object on its top. And suppose you could see appear on that bare tabletop any object or



article that your intellect might conceive, *as a Christmas gift to be presented to yourself?*

What would you specify to have materialize?

Nine out of ten people who reply from reaction of complexes, "I would specify a leather wallet which, upon being opened, disclosed a hundred thousand dollars in \$1,000-bank notes that I might begin spending in the nearest stores."

But what, do you think, would happen if you found yourself living on a plane where *anybody* could do that same thing as easily as breathing? The storekeepers would say, "We don't need your bank notes because we no longer need to continue in business selling goods for human consumption. We can get apart and 'think' our own hundred thousand dollars into existence, which now we are trying to accumulate from the profits of many commercial transactions." Very soon there would be no merchants because the need for merchants would have disappeared. All forms of manufacturing activities throughout the whole earth would have disappeared.

What then, would people do to occupy themselves in hands or minds if every variety of productive enterprise were suddenly abandoned? What sort of a Christmas gift could you conceive for yourself, if every other thinking creature about you could concentrate and duplicate it?

In other words, take the Economic Circumstance out of life and what do you have left? You'd better begin thinking concretely about what you have left, for presently, when you've abandoned your mortal coil, that's going to be precisely your plight. If you persist in wanting the habits and practices of earth-life indulged, sooner or later the utter foolishness and fallacy of these habits and practices are going to be revealed to you.

That is why Heaven—or the Afterlife—is different from Earth, or the mortal life!

The Economic Quandary is due to disappear!

But what do you propose to substitute for it? You can't exist in utter idleness. If you have no necessity to assist in creating things for the service or enjoyment of others, how will you employ Mind or hands to keep "from going crazy?"

You'd better begin thinking about it.

Yes, for the first five days, or five years, living in a realm where you can create anything you desire merely by thinking it—as last month's materialized grandmother 'thought' her rocking chair into existence—will seem a novelty and relief. But after a hundred years of it, or a thousand years of it, then what?

Viewed from such angle of philosophy, there is not one person in ten thousand who can call up a materialized article to go upon that barren tabletop that he could consider much of a Christmas gift, even to himself.

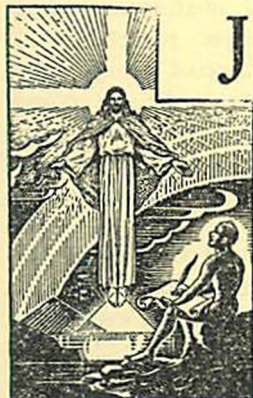
So, if you truly wish to prepare for Eternity, you might experiment in visualizing what *would* be a prime gift unto yourself, that couldn't be duplicated by the Thought Processes of any other intellect in all Cosmos.

Ten to one you'll end by deciding, "Sit somebody on that tabletop who needs the humane ministrations I may be able to supply him."

Thereat you'll begin to understand why this mythical Heavenly state is precisely what, on release from the physical, *you're due to find it!* . .



Not for a Minute of Your Life Are You Wholly Alone



JUST imagine what a stupendous change is coming in general human conduct when people have proven to them that never for a single instant in their lives are they completely and utterly alone!

The average person, knowing little or nothing about the subliminal dimensions, how they operate or how they are peopled, thinks that when he goes into an "empty" room and closes the door that he thereby has privacy.

Those adept in the higher phases of metaphysical and natural research *know that there is no such thing as privacy!*

Fantastic as it may sound to the unlearned hearing about it for the first time, there is no room, no office, no chamber, no vault, that exists in the finite world of materials, that cannot be penetrated and occupied by conscious human beings who have merely sloughed off their mortal sheathings as the caterpillar sloughs off its grublike body and becomes the butterfly. But all their other faculties are sentient and active.

¶ *THOSE Adept in the Higher Phases of Mystical Research Know there Is No such Thing as Utter Privacy . .*

They can apprise themselves of what is transpiring in any earthly location, although the physical senses are too clumsy and inept to pick them up or register them!

PHOTOGRAPHS have been taken of a subject under hypnosis, showing the *psyche* or soul of that entranced person leaving the physical body to travel to an immense distance, witnessing what occurs at the designated location, finding its way back to the body and thereby "reporting" what has happened perhaps halfway around the earth.

This has been scientifically done.

If the soul and body can be disengaged under hypnosis, and the soul sent on discarnate errands, how much easier can those who have quitted the body permanently make journeys into the privacies of those about whom they desire information?

Epaminondas is reported to have said of a good man who died about the time of the battle of Leuctra, "How came he to have so much leisure as to die when there was so much stirring?"

IT HAS been authoritatively stated that in every great congregation gathered in an earthly auditorium, number 5,000 people, the ratio of people present in a discarnate condition *will be close to 1,000,000!*

In childhood we were disturbed by the admonition that no matter where we were or what we were engaged in doing, God's eye was upon us.

As mature adults exploring the more stupendous phases of natural phenomena, we are discovering that whether God's eye is upon us or not, *the eyes of countless numbers of persons—good, bad, and indifferent—whom the world calls "dead" are upon us in almost constant attendance.*

Practically every person in mortal life has at least two people near him every second of the twenty four hours in each day, guiding and protecting him. If it were not true, human life would be chaos. It could not go on.

Out of the knowledge on the part of the ancients that such presences were a fact, arose the original idea of "guardian angels." In truth, these unseen counsellors and protectors are usually the hovering souls of those who have been dear to us in life and who are now looking after us and shielding us from the superior vantage-points of the higher dimensions.

THE QUESTION naturally arises: If this is true, and such people know all about our utmost privacies, why are we not tattled upon to others still in flesh?

If these Unseen Mentors are forever in attendance, watching everything—and they can communicate with others on the earth-level as has been avowed—how comes it that we can communicate with others on the earth-level as has been avowed—how comes it that we can "get away with anything" that is fundamentally of a personal and private nature?

The answer is: If they be pernicious entities about us, *they do it far more often than we dream!* And their malicious behavior accounts for dozens of phenomena in our personal affairs, such as business deals wrecked without apparent cause, perpetual misfortune, malignant obsessions, unfortunate perversities of character or deportment directed against us.

On the other hand, if they be the proper type of friends, they can no more exercise themselves derogatively against us than they could, can, or do, while reckoned as our friends in flesh.

Concerning this question of Inter-Plane gossiping to the hurt of those on the mortal side an attempt was made on a recent evening to get an expression from those who had graduated out of physical bodies on the ethics of this practice.

"THOSE of us who operate upon the higher planes of Love cannot—and would not if we could—pass on to you or others any information about those you love that would cause either of you pain.

"Whatever else we may be, *we are not gossips!* If there are those on This Side who are gossips they are like such persons on your side, and most of what they pass on to you is the fabrication of diseased fancy.

"Whatsoever things are pure, whatsoever things are of good repute, whatsoever things are of Love and Charity, and therefore Holy, think on these things.

"We on the higher planes of God and the Spirit of God, and those daily with you, are in direct contact with that realm. But there are many who are vibrating still in earth conditions although they have lost their earthly bodies that alone seemed reality to them. They are often close to those they knew in earth life, and the slightest creeping in upon you of feeling of distrust or uncharitableness or suspicion, so lowers the rate of your vibration that if we are not present, and if you do not know how to protect yourself, you are in danger from the evil natures of their minds.

"**Y**OU have a devil within you, no matter how deeply he is buried and how far you are upon the Path of Evolution. That is, you have him with you although he is less powerful the farther you go, and when you have reached the point of no further earthly visitation, you say good-bye to him forever. He is, in other words, an inevitable weakness of flesh. It is the devil that is buried under vibrations of harmony and love but that is ever looking for the chance to stick his head out of his grave and get in touch with *his* friends upon the other side.

"He is a phantasm of Mind and not a manifestation of Spirit!"

"You may be sure of one thing: We will tell you only those facts which you need for your own development, or which will add to your happiness. As the secrets of your soul are sacred to us, so are the secrets of all other human souls. You may be sure that the betrayal of what purports to be the secrets of another human soul is a message not from us but from those unfortunate ones of whom we have spoken.

"There is but one occasion in which we would tune in on another person's life and let you put the receiver to your ear. That is when a soul

is in distress, needs your help, but is too proud to ask it. But even then we do not tell you details or facts. We simply impel you to offer your sympathetic interest in such a way that the barriers of reserve and pride and fear crumble away, and whatever secret places need to be opened are revealed to the eyes that look upon them with love and understanding.

"**W**E ARE happy that this lesson is received with understanding because it may, nay it must, save you much of tribulation in the future. The spirit of the words, not their form, must be your touchstone. If they betray to you aught of the secret life of another, albeit it is the person nearest and dearest to you, be sure it is not of us.

"When you investigate inner chambers of personality not opened to you by the conscious will or the conscious revelations of that individual, then you are employing what is akin to the black arts of the heathen world and your results are more often falsehood than truth.

"There are thoughts of love and beauty in other hearts for you which we often take the liberty of passing on to you because we know that it is the desire of the person concerned that we do so. But do you think we are less worthy to be trusted with the secrets of the soul than the doctor on your plane or the priest in his confessional who will often die rather than betray them?

"Not even to serve the ends of justice is the priest asked to betray the murderer who has confessed to him. The secrets of another's soul would be revealed to you only when it is the wish, conscious or otherwise, of the person involved, that you should know them—and even then they would only be given you as hints that would enable you to go about drawing them out in the right way.



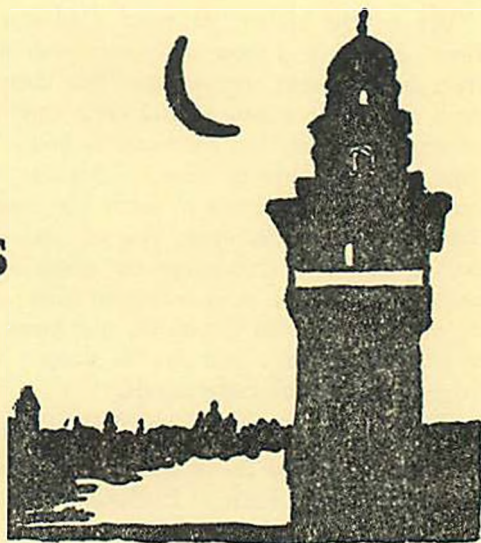
YOUR Mind in Trance Travels Vast Distances



YOU can always get information of value to your daily life if you spend a daily period with us. We are only too glad to come to you when you are calm and tranquil inside. We are not the kind of personalities who want to be fairweather voyagers with you. You are to come to us when you

are most troubled, but do it without doubt that we are at hand to help. The doubt that you hold is ever the wall that shuts us away. We are to be your counsellors in everything you undertake, and we must have a perfectly cleared channel in and between us for transmission of Truth. We must, therefore, not omit practice of communication that will keep it clear from day to day.

YOU ask why you did not have the entire life-stream of your memory restored to you during the time that you were here with us. But you could not have that while you were still living in your physical body. That is neither possible nor permissible. You were over here as our earthly visitor for a constructive purpose in your spiritual development. You could



¶ *A MENTOR Paper Offering Comment on the Editor's "Seven-Minutes in Eternity" . .*

not have known where you were else it would not have aided in this spiritual revelation and development.

The incidents you have mentioned were of a certain significance, therefore you retained them. The rest were mere detail that the mind could not retain because it had no constructive reasons for doing so. You will understand things better the next time you have the experience as we let you stay longer and try to entertain you better.

Will you know in advance that you are going to have the experience? *Certainly! . . . for*

you must help in superintending it. No need for any nervous excitement. *Just relax and come!* You have nearly done it several times when you thought you were merely sleepy. You were not physically tired so much as Trance Conscious. If you would abandon yourself to that flaccidity and think of us, you would find yourself in our presence.

You have been in certain places—the Metropolitan Museum of Arts, for instance—where the thought of the Thought Plane was so subconsciously strong that you were trying to come to us instinctively without being aware of it. Those art treasures and their vibrations were responsible for your lethargy.

WHEN you feel that sort of sensation coming on, try to be calm and placid in your heart and recall all that you have visualized about us, and in a short time we will take charge of you. You must do it, of course, where your body can lie in coma while your mind is out of it, so to speak. We are willing to wait until the condition is propitious.

You have had no conscious repetition of the *Seven Minutes* experience to date because there has been no special need of it in your disturbed condition, and you would have received nothing of value. When we want you for some special reason, make no mistake we will send for you and you will respond.

But there has been no vital need. When you want to come over, on the other hand, you will let us know in advance and we will help you till you know how to do it for yourself. It is one of the surest and best ways to learn bodily control and is all a part of your education. Each time you will return freshened and strengthened in spirit and ready for more wisdom on the earth-plane.

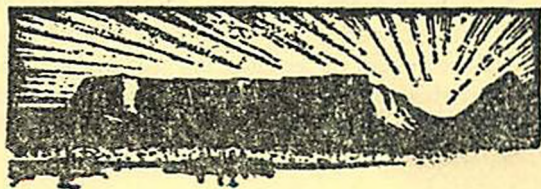
DO NOT be amazed at anything you see, as you will not be able to distinguish at first between Reality and your own Thought Forms. There will be much that appears novel and in-

explainable and you will wait for our enlightenment. When you see those you think you have known in the flesh, do not try to address them by name, but get their names by thought from us. You "wandered all over the place" the last time and it was impossible to keep up with you. Please do not try to see too much at once.

What really happens in these trances is, that your Mind slips into the Fourth Dimension, so to speak. Your Mind can go anywhere in the fraction of a second and does so every day. You might call that a mere journeying into Memory of People and Places, and in a manner it is. But we are more than a memory to be recalled, although the process is similar. Your Mind, not your spirit, comes to us and is visible to us as a sort of ectoplasm—a spiritual entity without actually being your spirit itself, which is kept in your physical body else you would die.

Your real ectoplasm is your Spirit Particle, or Soul, made manifest for occult purposes or phenomena that affect those about you. Your ectoplasm is the same as your body in size and volume, but it is not to be compared with it for weight or constitution. It contains many of the elements of your physical body but in a dematerialized state which is almost impossible for you on the earth-plane to understand. It is the sum and substance of the Ego that is yourself, through many ages grown more conscious and distinctive and taking always the form of your last incarnation. It is the sum and substance of Unreality in Reality, speaking of reality of Matter. And yet it is more real than your physical body because it can survive our physical death.

You are able to control its size at your whim. You can increase it or decrease it so long as the purpose is constructive and therefore Love.





HAVE You a Person in Your Home Who Is Always Ailing? ..



ALL persons have periods in their lives when the afflictions that come upon them are seemingly unknowable. There are many causes for many persons in considering these conditions that make for persistence of any affliction.

Some people are born to trouble, so to speak. That is to say, they "entered trouble as a career" to teach them forbearance unto themselves. They have had it impressed on them from birth that there are things to be learned by making a career of affliction.

Such people are essentially selfish, or rather self-centered, and must be thrown out of this prevalent mood of considering themselves objects of this sort of self-charity. They bear and forbear unto themselves over a long period of time, learning the lessons of self-examination.

NOW generally speaking such persons are not incurables. The science of mental healing teaches you that there is an "after-math of conscience" not necessarily arbitrary in each case, which designates the affliction to one's self. Looking upon it as a job to be tackled, explored and pinned down to a definition of character in each instance, is not the right mental attitude. There is "too much hear-say" in such method of determining one's inner self-evaluations. The larger aspects of the affliction must be considered, designated and explored. When we say larger aspects we mean the preconceived notions that inhibit the consciousness, making for malformations of any sort.

This is not a problem in research, but a tempering of the inner mental to a finer key. Teaching people to do this or that, answering minds, thumping or prodding their bodies to locate sensitive nerve centers is all very well as medical child's play. The larger aspects of cases of this sort must be taken on their merits as a form of character analysis.

TAKE the case of a supersensitive woman who manages to go about ailing most of the time without knowing specifically what

afflicts her. She is not inhibited so much as self-scolding. She has an axe to grind with life, or better, a bone to pick. Made resolute by early experiences which she has resented, she has come to a pass where she wants relief in the form of anaesthesia without squarely meeting the problem of determining what her true life values are and why they affect her as motivating factors in her physical condition.

You have seen men and women who periodically close their eyes and ears to unpleasant sights and sounds. You call it "shutting a fire-door" on an embarrassment, which is indeed true. They come and go in making nuisances of themselves because they will not face issues squarely, not forcing themselves to fight battles of character. On the other hand, you have seen men and women who make a pretext of any sort to pick an issue with life and subjugate it. Between these two extremes most of humanity plays without fully realizing it, or the seriousness of what they are doing when they let themselves take up one side or the other of this perpetual character controversy.

WE ARE trying to tell you this: To preserve a calm aspect toward the incurables is one thing, to fight an issue with life because it has not suited us in all respects and regards is quite another.

Between the two there is a halfway ground that consists of realizing the difficulties encountered when one tries to be what he or she is not.

These deficiencies and frailties so-called, are too often self-motivated life issues that have no excuse for being.

People too often need a lecture on cosmic therapeutics more than doctor's pills.

You cannot align the unreasonable with the reasonable and expect a perfect equation. Digits beat themselves in the hands of clever mathematicians, but figures never lie in the science of divine arithmetic. Too often the purpose of



¶ *IN Nine Cases Out of Ten, Wanting to Loll about in the Sun of Sympathy Is More or Less Karmic . .*

an achievement is its own undoing. Therefore look at the case in this wise—

The always ailing or neurasthenic woman must understand that life is not a raillery at circumstances. It is often a battle against circumstance, but neither a belittlement nor aggravation in mental product. Too often people think they have a complex when what they really have is a peevishness against themselves for not estimating life correctly. They know the true equation, but refuse to admit it. Let us see what we can do along practical lines.

Take a picture of this case made up of the following lights and shadows—a person of in-

herent talent, thwarted and dogged with the unhappiness of an unkind environment, readily subjective to moods of intense disappointment often worse than it is, made radiant by little successes where personal friendships are concerned, made ecstatic by generous impulse that hold in them release from suffering in someone else. All this is sheerest nobility.

Now take the same person and cross her with indignities, or malfeasances of conduct on the part of those who are apt to demand of her what they do not deserve. Cross this person with dislike arising from a denial or ignoring of inherent sagacities not generally accredited to her, and the result is a thwarted sense of self-estimation that brings out the worst in that character instead of the best.

Taken by and large, such a person is not to be forced into right thinking so much as shown the imponderability of her reflexes toward life—the curables in her character on the way to becoming incurables through lack of proper examination.



SUCH a woman has a much better sense of self-perception than is generally accredited to her, but she has let herself become irascible at treatment meant for her utter good in higher knowledge plus the ramifications of character deportment on the part of those about her whom she would have behave differently toward herself and toward life.

This sets up a condition of strong and vehement self-defense—or better, self-justification

for an improper reaction toward those deficiencies in life or in others.

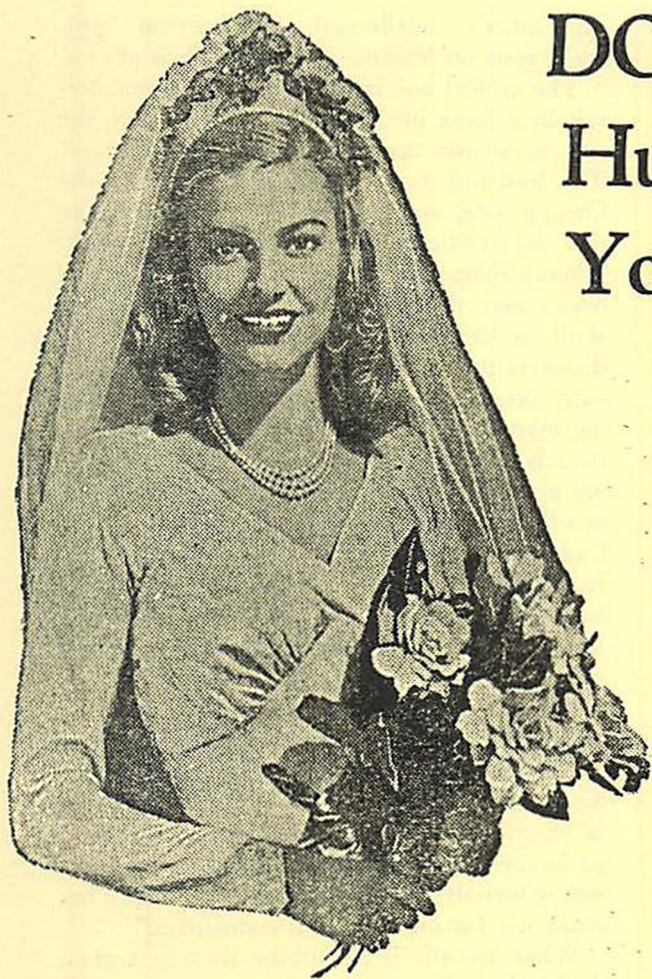
She is fully aware that they exist and bother her. Why not accept them as traceable to the actionists that these people are, instead of expecting that they be philosophers or prudes. They are worrying her not a little because she has delight in them one moment and irascibility the next that is really her reaction to life as she would have it lived, not through improper conduct. This will bring about a condition where there is a general let-down to the faculties and nerve centers. It all harks back to an improper viewpoint. Utterly freeing herself from these subjective delights of self-torture, dwelling not on her shortened faculties but on her lengthened viewpoints in regard to the behavior of others and why it should be so, she will forget she had these afflictions at all.

She does not accept the universe at present, but wishes to corral it and bring it into semibalance of order as one would dictate the adventures of a business.

TELL such a woman to let the universe go, accept it as it is, admit that every person in it is doing what is adroit for their personal character development of the moment, utterly forgetting in this understanding that there are limitations to her faculties in any degree. **THERE WILL BE NONE.** She is constantly reminding herself of the presentiment that life is not kind in its allotments, and is trying to make herself oblivious to it by dwelling within herself consciously or subconsciously instead of letting the universe take care of itself while she looks on impersonally.

We can give you a much better picture of such a person from the human standpoint when we say that she has let herself become fact-drunk with certain abnormalities of character development on the part of those about her, instead of considering them as creatures of their destinies in each instance whose behaviorism cannot touch her because she has larger things

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DOES Your Husband Browbeat Your Enthusiasms?

¶ *THE PLIGHT of the
Wife whose Mate Re-
sents Her Exploring
Subjects which He
Fails to Understand*



RITES A wife from Oregon: "I wish you would tell me what sort of a karmic situation is working out between my husband John and myself. We were schoolmate sweethearts and married somewhat young. For the first five years and while our first three children were coming, John—

or Jack as I call him—was as agreeable a man to live with, as a woman could desire. But farm-life—or ranch-life as we call it out here in the West—began to pall on me as we moved toward the full decade of our marriage and to get relief from the monotony of a rural program, I began to buy books and read them to keep myself mentally alert. Almost at once a queer reaction began to show in Jack, and he growled and got abusive whenever a new book came into the house. He claimed I was wasting our hard-earned money on 'hifalutin' ideas'. I demanded to know if he expected me to think the same thoughts at forty that I'd thought at twenty, and he retorted that I had no need to think thoughts at all, just live life and forget about any intellect. Then when I finally began taking up a line of esoteric study, he turned almost savage, saying that he wasn't going to have a wife who poisoned the wells of Youth with Free Thinking. I had to hide from him the books and tracts I was studying, which certainly did not seem right, but what

was I to do? What does a wife do when her husband resents her improving herself intellectually or spiritually? What on earth ails a man that he's afraid his wife will learn facts about religion and philosophy that surpass his own? And what should I do? Should I dismiss any further ideas of improving myself, or come to an open break with my husband? Tell me what you see as the true basic trouble in such a situation."

¶ *QUARRELS would not last long if the fault were only on one side . .*

HERE is a circumstance as old as the Sibyls of ancient Rome, although it may not follow necessarily that it is the husband who browbeats or suppresses the wife in her grasping for something higher than the humdrum chores of day-to-day existence—and the thinking that accompanies them. Many times it is the wife who rises up in feminine wrath and 'reads the law' to her partner for exploring in religious or mystical matters—although wives who do the latter usually hinge it upon the remonstrance that any departure from staid religious ideas of their forebears is liable to open doors that permit their offspring to explore unhallowed paths. Is it plain, old-fashioned jealousy on the part of either partner, that one may "come to know more than the other and show up the less aggressive as an ignoramus, to the latter's social embarrassment generally?" Or is some deeper cosmic urge at the bottom of their intellectual rivalry?

Truth to tell, the resentment on the part of most husbands or wives who disapprove of

the other's intellectual advancement generally rests on Vanity. Generally. Not always.

The critical one is indulging himself or herself in a lapse of apprehension that he or she will be shown up to connubial disadvantage. The husband Jack, complained about by the Oregon wife, may merely be dreading the day that he overhears some acquaintance remark, "Funny thing that a woman with Mrs. Jack's brains ever tied herself up with such a numb skull as her husband." Or the caustic wife discovers such a thing as a Soulscript in a private corner where her husband keeps his reading matter, and says in her ignorance, "So I've secretly married an atheist! The father of my children is truly a scoffer at the Doctrine in which we both were brought up. If I really love him, it devolves on me to save his soul from Eternal Fire by stopping this exploring into unhallowed regions." But this again is a form of vanity—that she is able to accomplish it.

What both husband of one woman, and wife of another man, are truly doing is affecting to set themselves up as censors over the other's moral and intellectual lives. They are saying in effect, "Mary—or Jack—knows that I don't go in for this type of investigation, so by going into it himself he is indicating he no longer has much use for me as mental companion."

What actually is perturbing them is a great doubt that they possess the capacity to love the other strongly enough to hold him or her. They themselves must be the dominating factor in the other's thinking or their matrimony, they conclude, has gone on the rocks.

However, there may also be Karma to consider.

IT IS an easy explanation for the Oregon woman's plight that her husband resents her intellectual curiosity because he is fearful he will not show up to advantage beside his wife in contrast. But there may be graver factors to be taken into account.

There is the type of man who refuses to do any esoteric or intellectual exploring on his own

hook because in his subconscious he is carrying memories of earlier life-experiences when intellectual curiosity worked him tragic damage. We are accustomed to accepting that many of the early religious martyrs, for instance, remained true to their faiths through the very gates of Death, and the Christians of a later day sing hymns to their staminas. Maybe in the individual instance no such effect worked out in a given martyr's personal consciousness at all. Actually visited by death, say at the claws of a raging lion in a Roman arena, the professing soul may have decided that no ideological belief in *any* religious theory had been properly worth the distress or agony he discovered it cost. True, it may have been too late to recant, or no opportunity might have come at the last moment to recant, but none of it assures us that the selfsame soul hasn't taken the private reactions from such sacrifice into later lives up the cosmic trail and into the present.

We may be confronting an instance, in the case of the Oregon husband, where he subconsciously resents his wife delving in anything outside of orthodox religious tenets because he recalls the inhuman price he was called upon to pay for being a Dissenter from some earlier faith—though all that remains from the experience is a blanket residue of distress.

Or the complex in the husband might not have an origin so religiously dramatic. The woman who is his *true* soul-mate may be sitting out a life-sequence on Octaves of Thought because she has already made faster progress up the lives they have lived together. The chagrin of it—that he has been bested by his woman-partner in intellectual progressions to the moment—may cause him to recall the exact nature of his current matrimony with a substitute mate.

People are more sensitive about their own failures in spiritual progressions, it seems, than upon almost any other item in worldly affairs. Excoriating himself for his intellectual indolence, or fumbling of opportunities that would have enabled him to keep even stride with his



proper mate—Oregon Jack may be saying to himself in his subconscious, "Now here's another female who's going to expose my shortcomings all over again, and I'm danged if I'm going to let her!" It is a childish expostulation, perhaps, but the Subconsciousness deals in basic causations.

The wife who won't "permit" her man to explore in any other field but that of traditional orthodoxy, and who burns every scrap of literature she finds treating with religious tents outside her accredited denomination, is either exercising her own lugubrious memories from a previous life when she may have suffered grievously—perchance by having her family broken up by arrest and persecution—or by some other form of domestic or romantic loss whose basis was a difference in man-woman intellect.

To say that any husband—or wife—resents the other climbing above him or her mentally, is not enough, since nothing prevents either one from exploring the same tenets and profiting in tandem. This thing is done in a million instances in the average husband-wife association. "Listen, Mary, I got hold of the

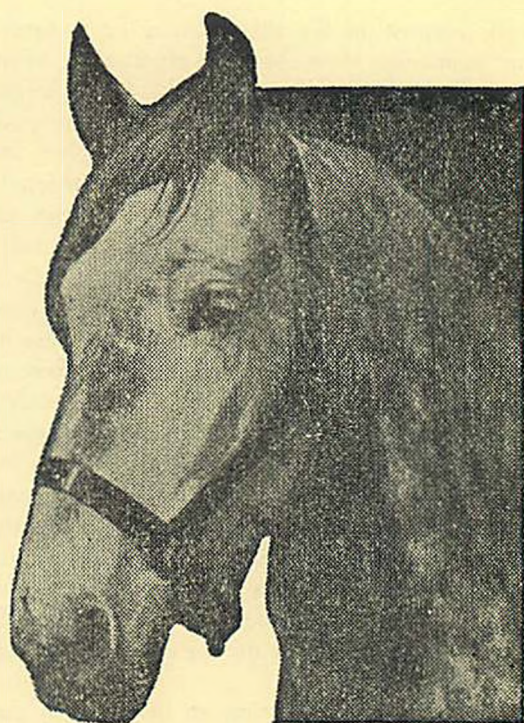
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IF Animals Have No Souls, Why Do They Show Up in Seances?



STRANGE it is, when we stop to give it thought, that when the earliest ecclesiastics were formulating their ideologies about Heaven or Paradise, they overlooked well-nigh completely any notation of the existence of animals. This strange exclusion of any forms of life lower than Man would

seem to attest the man-made and strictly man-arrived-at notions serving us traditionally as authority for details of life in areas above the mortal. Patently the early Hebrews were not animal lovers. They kept no pets. Scarcely do we have one instance mentioned of any patriarch being followed into the desert by a faithful dog, or served throughout his life by a characterful horse. Being nomads, their ideas of animal wealth were expressed in terms of sheepflocks, and yet little attention is called to shepherd dogs as being trained to help them handle or protect those flocks. Most of the times that dogs attain mention in Holy Writ



¶ *DOGS, Cats, and even the Light-Bodies of Beloved Horses Have Manifested the Continuity of their Existence . .*

is in connection with beggars; dogs lapping their sores. Incidentally, have you ever known any breed of canine in modern life given to lapping a sore on any type of body but its own?

It may be argued that the seriousness of life as they beheld it, gave the old patriarchs no

time for pets—although the *Golden Scripts* tell us that Christ Himself had time to cultivate the affections of the wild dove that followed Him down to the bank of the Jordan from the desert and lighted on His head at His baptism. All the people marveled that a bird would do such a thing and translated it into a descent of the Holy Ghost. It was a pretty sentiment and the dogmatists made the most of it. But apparently we have the Master's word for it that it was merely "a bird to which I had been kind" . . .

No, in visualizing an after-life locality in ideality, the patriarchs didn't bethink to admit animals in any form, not even birds. No sweet songsters were supposed to compete with wave on wave of assiduous harp-players in the allegorical orchestras; no dog met the Returned Soul at the door of a heavenly mansion and wagged his tail, or leaped and barked joyously.

Streets of gold and jasmine, yes—through the center of which ran a river of pure water, known as the Water of Life—whatever that was. No ecclesiastic can rationally expound it, he can only parrot what some earlier imagist has recorded. And for actual measurement, the place—north, south, east and west—was no bigger than the territory of the United States from the Canada line to Texas, and the Atlantic seaboard to the Mississippi.

Not an animal in the whole of it.

PEOPLE WHO actually get into the After-life as it is, however, report facts quite the contrary. Everything having life-animation has a soul, in fact life-animation is the evidence that a soul exists. In its animation it expresses Spirit. Spirit is only Soul in some type of expression indicating its existence.

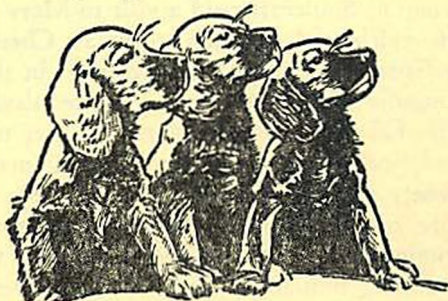
True, the souls of the lower animals are not free and independent units like the souls of those attained to the human or superhuman, and uniformly seem to be under supervision of the Group Spirit—or Spirit of the Group. It is this Group Spirit that supplies the lower orders with instincts, such as the migrations of the birds or the dictates as to habitat and diet

distinguishing different species. As individual animals evolve higher and higher in intelligence, however, and particularly come to feel the educating and ennobling influence of affection—as exists between a man and his capable horse or exceptionally trustworthy dog—they become less and less dependent on the Group Spirit and start operating self-reliantly. The stronger their developing wits or intelligence create individualistic self-awareness, the stronger is their concept of themselves as distinctive units in Cosmos, and the animal personalities as personalities carry through from life unto life.

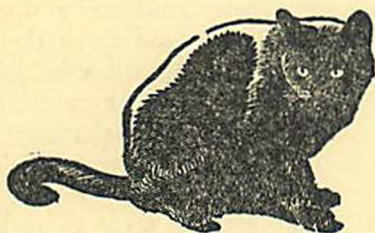
"Certainly there are animals in this Higher Dimension!" is the well-nigh universal attestation of those who succeed in communicating back with those still in flesh. "But you should understand that the wilder orders display little or no ferocity here because they require no ferocity to preserve themselves. Ferocity is strictly a physical trait in an earth-life of fierce competition to survive."

Legion are the instances reported in spiritist communication where a beloved horse, dog, or even canary bird, suddenly puts in appearance to greet the mortal soul who has graduated from its flesh.

Read back over the *Soulcraft* periodicals covering decades and you come upon instance after instance where physically deceased people have been agreeably shocked to confront beloved pets whose individualistic spirits have survived earlier decease. Emma Jamison's lengthy letters from her departed sister Roberta, published in the very earliest numbers of *The New Liberator*, began the roster of these.



What indeed shall be said of the incidents reported the past three years in *Valor*, wherein the light-bodies of animals known to the Soulcraft staff, succeeded in manifesting at seances?



ONE OUTSTANDING episode of this order will bear repeating for the enlightenment of new readers. In the summer of 1941, a plant linotype operator made the gift to Adelaide Pelley Pearson of a Manchester terrier that she subsequently gave the capricious name of Peanut.

Peanut was a dog that by no stretch of imagination could ever be confused with any other dog. Possessed of lithe bridle body, it likewise displayed the longest legs imaginable on a canine short of greyhound. It lived and romped with the ubiquitous Buzzie, today's 13-year-old cocker spaniel, making the trip between plant and Indianapolis in the editor's car morning and night. One late evening in the autumn of 1941, it ran out before a speeding motorcar in Indianapolis and was piteously crushed. Next day it was brought out to Noblesville and tenderly interred beneath the big white elm that shades the patio.

Tempus fugitted through the winter, and in May of that memorable 1942, the office group at Soulcraft paid a visit to Mary Beattie, the celebrated medium then at Chesterfield, Indiana, to get advice and counsel in the legal complications that seemed to be developing. The Editor's eldest daughter Harriet materialized, conversed with him for a matter of twenty minutes, advising him from the Higher Life on the various political trials that were imminent for him in mortality, as well as apprising him in advance of their several out-

comes. Whereupon Harriet retreated up closer to Mrs. Beattie and commenced disintegration within plain sight of all.

The ectoplasm from the medium she had been using to make her Light-Body tangible was quavering in a restless mass at the medium's feet when the wife of the Soulcraft shipping clerk, seated on the Editor's right, emitted a sharp and involuntary screech. "Look! . . . Peanut!"

There in the center of the floor, between medium and spectators, was the inimitable Manchester terrier of the abnormally long legs. Peanut had obviously dashed through the unemployed ectoplasm of the moment, and as he did so, every feature of his canine appearance was recognizable, tangible and substantial. He seemed to be prancing about in canine joy over the fact of being present with former human associates. But in demonstration of the fact that he could definitely hear earthly sounds and voices, the instant that Altha cried, "Look! . . . Peanut!" . . . we had an instant's flash of his cocking ears and making directly for her across the twelve to fifteen feet intervening. As he ran, *the ectoplasm seemed to fall away from him in segments*. And by the time he had reached Altha's feet he was invisible again to the six to eight persons watching.

Apparently he was following in spirit those whom he had loved in life and who had formerly bestowed affection on him in turn.

The episode bespoke volumes.

Peanut was still *alive!*

OR CONSIDER what occurred in the studio at Headquarters on the evening of October 14th. The Bertie Lilly Candler seance had been running an hour. Ara, Fisher, Harriet and others had effected their materializations and retired. Suddenly from Silverleaf, behind the cabinet drapes, came squeals of consternation and distress.

"Who let that cat in here?" the Control exclaimed in high-pitched voice. "That last old man who materialized, brought it in! It's come back of the curtains here—a black kitten!"

A moment later spectators heard Silverleaf crying vehemently. "Shoo! Get out!"

There was no mistaking the Control's consternation. A cat in the cabinet! None of the spectators could see it.

This sort of thing is of common occurrence.

THERE IS a temperament that feels an undercurrent of exasperation and indignity that "common animals" should thus survive with them. But the Editor's prize-winning magazine story, *Sunset Derby*, made into a film in 1928 featuring Mary Astor, offered the other side of the picture.

Think of all the famous horses of history, well-nigh as celebrated as their riders, and consider how inequitable it would be to deny them repeat existence merely because they had been nonhuman. What of the soul of the horse owned by Ezra Larkin that thundered through the Middlesex County night, carrying Paul Revere on his ineffable ride of warning to the Lexington farmers of 1775 to be up and to arms—should we be heartless enough to contend its stout spirit perished utterly when its organism became lifeless? How about the soul of that matchless steed that bore little Phil Sheridan down into Winchester that memorable morning, with the battle started and the commander twenty miles distant? What of the soul of Traveler, the memorable mount of General Robert E. Lee, that carried him unscathed through many engagements in the War Between the States? Would Robert E. Lee actually enjoy eternity without having Traveler as continuing companion?

It is something to think about.

Take attestments from other countries—

MRS. V. CARLTON JONES of Johannesburg, South Africa, gives lengthy account in her matchless little book on Communicating with the Dead, of her beloved husband's attestment that her deceased mother's favorite collie was the mother's constant and devoted companion on the Higher Level of Consciousness to which all three had attained.



What more overwhelming greeting could the soul aspire to know, as it climbs the last few staggering steps up toward heaven's gate, than the little forest of joyously lashing tails of all the pooches one had ever loved, still alive and gathered to greet the One who was finally Coming Home?

Dogs around heaven's gate? There should be *millions* of dogs around heaven's gate, waiting with the patience of eternity for the familiar figure and scent of one whom they adored.

For weeks running into months, the burly sheep-dog that had been the incessant life-companion of Wallie Reid, the one-time silent-film actor, could be seen out upon the top steps of the Reid residence in Beverly Hills, watching for the home-coming of the master who had long since been interred to an admiring nation's sorrow. Finally, at the end of months of such faithful vigilance—when Wallie came not—it died quietly of grief.

Does love and fidelity of such nature expire with body whether human or brute?

What a travesty on Spirit if it does!

So don't worry that you've seen the last of some particularly beloved horse or dog merely because it has shuffled off its physicality. The Bible? Merely chalk up another error to orthodox delineation.

The dog will be there, though the patriarch disdains it . . .

DO You Have Psychical or Upset You



PSYCHICS are not what people think they are. There is too much disposition today to consider mysticism, psychical research, and occult practices, all in the same category. The truth of the matter is, they are three separate and distinct divisions of spiritual phenomena or the Science of Mental

Perception. This Science of Mental Perception will some day be recognized for what it is—a colossal skeleton structure on which life's behaviorism is largely built.

The Science of Spiritual Phenomena, or abnormal mental perception, whichever you want

to call it, is nothing to wonder at. True, not all people are adepts in its practice, nor are all persons adepts at hearing earthly sounds with the same perception as others. But make no mistake about this: It is a fallacy to think that because some people are finely attuned in their physical and mental compositions, that they are necessarily freaks, whereas those who function more along the common means of mental and physical equipment have something to be thankful for.

Put it this way: *It is all a matter of being able to distinguish what the crowd cannot, and by the crowd we mean the average person—average in turn because he is not willing to admit that anything exists that he cannot perceive with his clumsy physical senses.*

THESE people argue that life holds enough for them. They are not willing to investigate in any but a skeptical mood as to whether or not their five senses are dependable in showing them all that there is to the earthly composition.

We have a class of people in life who take a given delight in fastening on themselves this yoke of mediocrity, which is really a form of stupidity and slough, calling it cleverness. They are clever in that they do not choose to rise above the foundation stones of earthly behavior or view anything above the level of the average intelligence.

We are speaking now of animosity toward psychic research as a phase of inhibited be-

Capabilities that Puzzle as They Manifest? . .

¶ *GIVE Attention to this Article Originating on the Higher Side of Life and Expounding What Process Performs Behind Such Phenomenon . .*

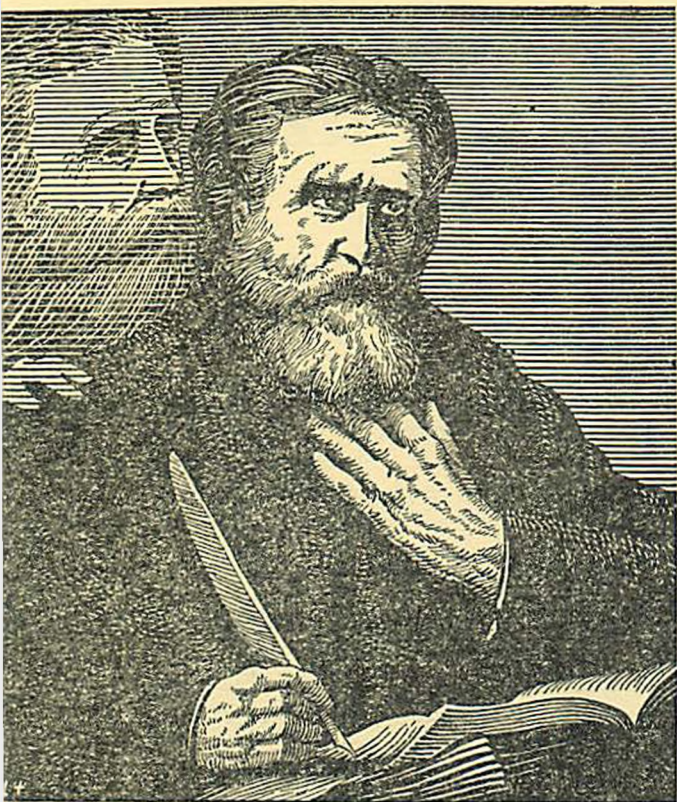
haviorism. Way down in their hearts, those people who refuse to listen to the arguments advanced in favor of so-called mental phenomena, are the victims of an insidious fear. They hold that humankind must be judged by its attainments *en masse*, and that things not discovered and enjoyed by humanity *en masse* are not to be employed except at the price of eccentricity or something worse. They want to think that humankind evolves *en masse* because it gives them a feeling of security in their individual person.

Daring souls who are really responsible for social evolution by setting standards in advance

of general progress, are never worried whether or not they are conformers to the rest of humankind in any sort of attainments. They plunge ahead in the employment of their faculties and let the rest of humankind follow as it will.

WE ARE not interested in psychic research as such, because in too many instances it postulates skepticism. It is impossible to go far in any sort of research without gradually learning rules and regulations, recipes and formulas. This must be proven by that; we must have evidence here that is irrefutable, and arguments there that cannot be gainsaid. And all to what purpose? Simply that you can go out and convince someone else who is not worth convincing, because his attainments are so poor that if he were worth it he would have made the effort for himself and arrived at better conclusions.

The things of spirit are something else again! While it is true that supramental perceptions are usually phases of a highly developed spiritual status, it does not necessarily follow that every person with a rare mental equipment is spiritual of character. We have a condition in life where people have been known to express themselves with the most astonishing success on spiritual matters who were not at all psychic. And we have had conditions where others are so psychic that they can make their bread and butter at it, employing it for others without in the least realizing the spiritual consequences.



PEOPLE who are psychic have gifts, it is true, but not necessarily spiritual gifts. They are gifts of mental concentration and biological organism. Taking them by and large they are persons of extraordinary physical equipment, with certain glands developed within themselves that act much in the manner of radio tubes to receive external impressions. One might as well talk of one's radio being spiritual as to think that all psychics are people of rare character.

So we are not interested in psychics *as* psychics any more than we are interested in the radio as so many dials and spools of wire attached to a battery. We know our radio WORKS. We accept it as a radio, subject to certain laws and principles of electric projection and reception. *But what comes OVER the radio we are vitally interested in.*

WE DON'T have to prove to anyone that our radio works, or even that we possess one. We walk into the street and tell a friend what the President has just said in a speech in Washington—if we have just heard it over the air—he takes up his newspaper that night and gets it in the public press. We told him what the President said within minutes after he spoke with 600 miles intervening between us, which seems to postulate that our radio worked.

Now, then, if our radio works, by what law are we called to go out to the mass and waste time and energy arguing that there is such a thing as radio, explaining the mechanism of broadcasting and reception, just because our neighbor does not own a radio—before repeating to him what we have heard from the President's lips?

True, there was a time in radio's inception when humankind professed to be awed at the fact that radio was possible. The man in the street looked upon it as a freak toy, as he looked on the telephone, the auto, the first electric light. He refused to believe that it could possibly be practical—it was freakish and bizarre and owned by a person who had time to give to nonsenses. In course of the last few years, however, radio became of universal distribution and humankind is now so blasé about it that instead of visiting a neighbor's house to hear a radio, people stay away from neighbors' houses *in order not to hear it*—and we commend their good judgment.

THIS, however, is the point we are trying to make: As we are not radio engineers we are interested in the radio only because it renders us a service in connecting us with certain sources and origins of sound in the form of music or information making us more efficient persons in our lives and functions.

By the same token we are not psychic engineers, and yet we know we have the extraordinary equipment to tune in on sources and ori-

gins of other sounds and bring us beneficial results in our lives and characters.

You ask us how we KNOW we have this equipment. We say to you as we say to our friends about the President's speech: Consider the context of what we receive over our mechanisms and by the same argument that listening to a jazz band would undoubtedly delight first listeners on the radio, we consider we have reached that point in radio ownership where we want something more profound than musical nonsense. So we turn the dials of our mental radios and tune in to great intelligences speaking in the ether.

NOW humanity may scoff at such a statement. It may say, If there are great intelligences broadcasting promiscuously in ether, why do we as representative organisms derive from them also? Why cannot we hear as you hear, with our naked ears? We say to them, Can you hear a symphony orchestra in Chicago being played in your living room this minute? Strains of it are here all about you in profusion. You can wait in your seat while some friend goes after a portable radio set, puts it on your table, works the dial, gets the proper connection, and soon you are aware that an orchestra is playing in Chicago.

Isn't it just as intelligent to accept that if the strains of that music playing within your four walls from the brassy throats of a few horns and clarinets a thousand miles away can be heard through the agency of that portable radio, that the music of the spheres is likewise playing in your room from a million miles distant? You can't admit the one and deny the other. You can't admit that a set of crude coils of wire or discs of zinc, are superior in construction to the human faculties. No machine ever made has yet begun to approximate the capacities of the human organism.

THESE are things to be not overlooked. We are in an age of radio, but biological science and even psychic researchers have not yet awakened to the fact that every man and wom-

an's head contains two ductless glands which bear a perfect resemblance to the functioning of the tubes in a mechanical radio. But by the same token that you can't get reception from your radio, no matter how many tubes you have, or how perfect in alignment, so you can't expect your mental radio to work without the proper assembly of all the physical, mental, and spiritual factors.

You say to those of us who have those senses developed, How do I know your mental radio works? We say, Behold what we receive over it. You say, Yes, but how do I know that it came from the broadcasting station of some supernal broadcasting station outside of yourselves? We say, Consider the nature of the material compared with the erudition of the psychic person through which it came.



THOSE who are familiar with investigation of such matters will never cease to be impressed by this well-nigh conclusive proof that higher mentalities are functioning in some sort of transcendent radio when such episode occurs.

Again and again people of little or no education, certainly not authorities in the subjects treated, will get profound discourses on Cosmic Physics, natural phenomena, delineations of Beauty and Art, theological sources, data about past civilizations that have perished from human record, which they in no wise understand and which have to be interpreted for them.

There are cases on record where foreign languages have been employed, totally unknown

to the recipient, and in special instances messages have been produced in forms of Sanskrit and other dead tongues, so remote that translations can only be achieved by the most profound scholars.

Q WHEN YOU have shut doors and darkened your room, remember never to say that you are alone; but God is within you, and your genius is within you, and what need have they of light to see what you are doing?

WE CONTENDED that the President's message reported to a friend two minutes after delivery evidenced that mechanical radio was a fact, that we owned a machine capable of so receiving it, that we knew how to adjust it to get such reception.

By the same token we contend that discourses on cosmic physics, natural phenomena, theological origins or historical data, received by unlearned persons, attest to the existence of the psychical radio.

But by no means do we say to you that you cannot go and purchase a radio, hear the President for yourself and tell us about it. And by no manner of means do we deny you the privilege of doing the same thing in forms of psychical broadcasting.

You may not want to take down discourses on cosmic physics. You may be quite content to listen to jazz. Nevertheless, to say that you do not own a radio, and therefore radios do not exist, is not only silly but the negation of the very thing that might become the most impelling factor in your life and fortunes.

YOU don't need mediums, cabinets, queer lights, and levitating trumpets to prove that your friends and loved ones still live.

Tune in with your properly developed mental radio and listen to their voices!

You don't need experts to expound to you the fundamentals of electrodynamics in order to turn the dials of your mechanical radio and get the speeches of an Eisenhower, or, alas and alack! a Lowell Thomas. Neither do you need to spend time in seance rooms arguing whether this or that is possible.

Throw your skepticism out of the window, admit the imponderable to arrive at the ponderable, admit that psychical dynamics exist and can function and spend your real time learning the dials of your own receiving set.

THIS business of being fearful of these higher powers merely because they are not common to the masses, or provoke thought and exploration in fields above the mortal, is about as archaic and childish as being fearful of the higher aspects of electrodynamics that make your radio transfer a literal voice to you.

Time was when anyone suddenly possessing and operating a radio—back in 1650 for example—would undoubtedly have gotten himself burned at the stake for being of the devil.

People uniformly attribute to the evil one that which they do not at once understand. Even great prevailing theological systems can be indicted for such superstitious nonsense.

To advance fearlessly and rationally into such fields of science, always maintaining the proper spiritual balance, checking all things by open-minded logic, not acting on advice merely because it reaches us by the psychical wave length, but holding ourselves open to receive such advice if it seems to be profitable—this is the watchword of the current era that promises such progress in hyperdimensional activity.



WHY You Have a Money-Problem



WHEN Christopher Columbus discovered a new continent, he was improvident. He had no business to attempt the impossible nor the right to make himself a factor in exploration from the viewpoint of his bank balance. He could not have told anyone wherein he was going to profit and yet he made

himself the most important discoverer of the day.

When men see that the things of the spirit are the things that come to them regardless of money, or its attributes, they will be more inclined to put themselves at the behest of spiritual forces.

You cannot call to mind a great piece of international work that has ever been accomplished by letting the money angle enter in.

We have a reason over here for being complacent toward dollars. We feel that money is the root of too much evil. Its potentialities are gestures in selfishness grow where before there was one.

Selfishness and money are synonymous. They cannot sleep elsewhere than in the same bed. Money is selfishness transmuted into gold. Its function is not constructive. It is introspective, or introvertive.

The things that money provides are of course natural and necessary to the conduct of all



¶ *THERE Is Ever an Effort Put Forth to Be Constructive when Dollars Are Lacking*

classes of people. But money has a peculiar trait of making its possessor wish for more. It does not make him wish for more effort but gets him less in his plan of living, according to the amount he has of it.

Money is the great precursor of contraceptive effort; it makes people place wrong evaluations on the things of spirit. They do not want money in order to do constructive things for spirit. They want it that they may "loaf and go fishing." They say, "I have money, therefore I can take my time doing things." In that regard they are selfish. They do not stop to think that the world is not run that way. They would have themselves believe that there is no effort worth while—which is exactly what happens when people have money. They make turmoils of pleasure, calling them activity. They seek out things that are silly and call them careers. They open their doors wide to

pleasure and think it is enjoyment. They have an obsession that money brings them happiness by bringing them contentment. Then they turn around and call money a curse because it provides them no lasting satisfaction. They are children, who want money, at least too much of it.

THIS WORLDLY life might be considered the intermediate stage between animalism and divinity. The man or woman whom the predicaments of life cannot defeat is essentially celestial already.

WE HAVE no patience with them. The human race is so constituted that it considers money to be the yardstick of success, for men are constantly working to cease from labor, not knowing that labor is their greatest blessing.

We have it on great authority that wherein money has been allotted a given subject, there has come immediately a change in disposition. There seems to be an impulse to be constructive when money is lacking, and insofar as that impulse functions money is a blessing in disguise. It is the great precursor of effort. But money as money makes the subject despise his brother who has it not, for his improvidence. It transgresses the law of universal effort towards subjective achievement and generally dissipates the happier trend toward mundane accomplishments.

Not that money itself is bad. It is the greatest incentive you have for getting things done. Its evil comes in setting false values on the ends to be achieved. It is practically impossible to do much with the man of affairs after he has money. He is not amenable to discipline of the basic sort. His whole life is bound up in making himself comfortable and he will not wean himself from that comfort no matter what his inspiration may be.

It is a far cry from the things of spirit to the ways of commercialism and few there are who grasp it.

The *potentialities* of money are quite another business.

MONEY in the hands of the spiritual man is the great motive force for the accomplishment of his designs. It is an instrument of power and makes him to realize his attainment of nobility.

We have no fault to find with money, not as money. It depends upon the person who receives it. Great men are those who make money and yet spend it as though they had not made it. Great souls provide themselves with money by being great. They do not let their money make them great.

Consider the ways of money to do good, not by giving alms but by making people see that money is a factor in achieving the millennium.

The millennium is coming sooner than men think, but not by being bought with swollen fortunes poured out on abstract projects that make the donors think themselves above the ordinary run of men.

The millennium is an *achievement*, not an understanding, of human virtues in terms of altruism. The millennium is a concert of noble hearts preceding the race and its developments making mankind to follow on by the sheer audacity of its spiritual presences.

When you have the millennium you shall have money put in its proper place. It will be something more than wealth stored in a vault to be expended by foolish progeny of those who made it.

Money will be considered a public trust, to be expended for the benefit of those who can most profit by it spiritually.

THE WAYS of money to accomplish this are many. They consist mostly of principles laid down by great thinkers of long ago. When you have money performing adequately you have a motive force for good. You have a power that is unnecessary to stop or limit.

You have a declension of spiritual values in active performance.

You say you cannot see spiritually except by terms of self-providence. That is a noble thought so far as it goes. But it does not go far enough. It fails to take into consideration that money is a secondary adjunct, not a prime velocity in any human project.

The whole thing sums up to this: You can make money by being great; you cannot make money by being improvident. Improvidence and success are interchangeable terms spiritually, however. One estimates the human capacity; the other abridges it. The one says *Get*, the other says *Give*. The one says, There is a lion in the path; kill it. The other says, There is a lion in the path, capture it and tame it.

Do you get what we mean?

You have a problem in physics before you, that is all. It states itself as follows:—

Given a certain degree of intrinsic worth, that worth should be so recognized by society that it is honored in the exact ratio that it manifests by the speaking payments of compensation.

Putting the cart before the horse is not the way to drive. That is being *pushed*. You want to learn that your money lies in deliverance from self, not the enslaving of self to comfortable circumstances and habits.

WE COULD go on talking thus to you indefinitely but you would get the point here and now that you will make plenty of money when you give plenty of value spiritually, materially, or any other way.

It is a law of physics in operation, we say, that cannot be ignored. You will see what we mean in practice.

Consider now another subject that is equally close to your heart.

Going through the Valley of the Shadow of Penury as you are, is tantamount to an education in virile valuations.



There is a message that awaits to be given to the world in the current generation. Put it in this way: You may show humankind that its present path is one of foolish dissipation of all that is fine in the general conception of life as man knows it. But the point arrives when mankind needs something more than the average run of life-experiences to round out his character and bring him satisfaction. This is part of the message to be told man at present.

The world is not going on always as it is today. The time is very close when men will see that the spiritual evaluations are the great ennoblers of the life-experience and that commercialism is only a fester or a sore.

MANY sacrifices must be made to adequately teach this lesson.

They will be forced upon many of you.

But you will also find that what man wants most is what you want most: a sense of "going ahead" in the consciousness of approbation, that he is living within his means spiritually as well as financially, and that life is a poem more than an Odyssey.

You do not have to look far to see that men are discontented and hopeful of a change order very soon. It is not always good to tell them so, for they fear the unknown. But it always

good to make them see that man is a Desire-Creature and that the mere fact of his desire postulates attainment.

You cannot tell men all they ought to know.

They are creatures of distrust and discontent. They want to know your proofs for everything. They do not seem to think there is benefit or profit in any given symbol until that symbol has proved itself in fact. They think the race should be its own arbiter. They hesitate to think the race is its own arbiter. They want gifts given them but look askance at everything given as having a fish-hook in its doctrine. They make prayers to a God for assistance and then let themselves in on anything that comes along in the way of synthetic religion.

Their whole essence is desire, but desire has its pitfalls. It is a part of a studied plan for the race that it should climb slowly, but it is also a part of a studied plan for the race that the climb should be positive. The race shall not halt, but go on, else the whole climb is abortive.

IT IS absolutely essential that you recognize that mankind has a million years yet to live, on this planet. Do not let yourself be persuaded to the contrary by any freak doctrinaire.

It is also necessary that you recognize that Our Lord is going to be the arbiter of racial destinies from a very close date in the future, to make man realize that he is not a creature of chance or a product of blasphemous conceptions.

We would not have you think that we are trying to "preach," but we are telling you that you will have to be a long, long way further on than you are, before you can achieve your objectives.

It is not that we want to make you out delinquents, but you have to remember that things go in cycles. As one cycle closes, another opens. Those within the new cycle are there because they have risen above the cantankerous crowd in the first.



Have You a Person in Your Home Who Is Always Ailing?

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to see or hear. Her body needs a revivification of those postulates of conduct based more on immaterialities than on the literal facts of everyday happenings in their relationships to her.

Make it as clear as you can to such a woman that wherever she goes she will see and hear things that acutely displease her. They are really not displeasing things, except as she resents them. She is forcing upon herself a sort of blindness and deafness based on an inordinate desire for perfection according to the standards she has achieved from experiencings. By stopping to dwell on the immateriality of all that is about her, and discovering the hidden

meaning behind the various forms of recalcitrance which now bedevil her, she will come to understand that she is shutting out life instead of entering into it with a desire to profit from its beatitudes.

Do not scold her. Do not preach to her. *Tell her that she does not take enough interest in the hidden souls of those about her, and in blinding herself to their inner motives and impulses she is dulling her senses to perceive her own.*

The effort to make a complete fight in this regard is one of coming up out of self-attachment to self-detachment, and looking at the universe as a biological phenomenon, not a purse to be picked at one's pleasure.

Soul Hunger

By Winchester MacDowell



HELP ME, Dear God, to always stay,
Within the road-bounds of Thy loving Way,
That I may see the glory and the majesty
Of Thy creation; that I may be free
By dwelling in that all-creative Mind,
Thy loving gentle presence there to find,
The ALL-NESS of Thy pattern, the REAL me.
I long to reach the fullness that I see
Within that Mind, Thy presence deep inside,
That consciousness of Love may there abide.
Let my whole life be molded to Thy will,
Thus bidding phantoms of the world be still.
In Truth I'd find the glories of Thy Light,
Exchanging them for visions of Earth's night.
So help me in this one, all-loving task,
For this, and this alone, is all I ask,
That I may build this knowledge of this ME
Into the likeness of Thy majesty;
That I may stand afresh within Thy loving Mind
To claim again my heritage and find
That benediction from Thy bounty won,
The joining made complete: I am Thy SON!
Help me this self-made barrier to dispel,
Replace Thy heaven for this man-made hell.
Let me absorb the leaven of Love's yeast,
Learn Love Complete and thus—
Eliminate the Beast!

A WOMAN Murdered in California Talked within Four Hours!



A STRIKING instance of a person graduating onto the higher levels of life by being murdered and yet disclosing evidences of her survival together with a report of her experiences, comes from reputable sources in San Francisco.

It was connected with a tragedy that occurred in that California city in broad daylight. From *The San Francisco Chronicle* of August 20, 1929, we excerpt the following:

An insane war veteran, brooding over imaginary wrongs, slashed to death Miss Egie M. Ashmun, age 35, executive secretary of the San Francisco Chapter of the American Red Cross. The murder was committed just outside of the Civic Auditorium and was witnessed by scores of persons who were unable to avert the tragedy.

To avoid unwelcome publicity, a lady to whom we must refer hereinafter as Mrs. A. N., immediately underwent a strange experience in connection with Miss Ashmun, the victim.

MRS. A. N. does not live in San Francisco and at the time this happened, knew nothing of the occurrence. She is a refined and intellectual personality with a well-developed psychic trend.

Her first intimation of the case came to her so she avers, through a direct contact with Miss Ashmun within less than four hours after the event.

Miss Ashmun, from what was stated of her, was a wide-awake, active, energetic personality and well disposed toward everyone. An active soul like hers is one that is also highly conscious immediately on the higher and finer planes of consciousness, as seems to be proved from the intelligence that she passed on to Mrs. A. N.

IN HER first contact with Mrs. A. N., Miss Ashmun appeared as a strange, unknown person in a curious Light Body, but fully discernible and recognizable to the eye. Mrs. A. N. cites her part of the experience as follows:

"I was fully conscious of the presence of a woman who was a stranger to me. She was able to impress me clearly enough so that I was able to recognize her from her picture, which I saw subsequently, and catch her general personality. I suppose the "inner voice" is the nearest explanation of the manner of speaking

¶ THOUSANDS of Cases Similar to this Narrative Are of Common Report but Are Stupidly Ignored because Traditions of Orthodoxy Must Be Sustained . .

which she employed, as the impressions did not come as sound but rather as impressions of outlines, ideas and thoughts. One impression regarding an Information Bureau came most distinctly.

"I doubted the validity of it at first as I did not think it possible for anyone to communicate thus clearly so soon after one's transition. When I mentioned this to her she explained that she had not made a *transition*. She was remaining in the same consciousness as she had been in for some time, that she had much to do, and much to see, and found herself much freer to do all that she longed to do."

"WHEN I found her picture in a newspaper and an account of the affair, I shrank from it, fearing to distress her, but she insisted that I read every word of it, that there was nothing horrible there. When I was finally persuaded to read it, I was greatly surprised to find what she said was all there and all true. After I had read it she remarked, '*And above all, don't torture the poor creature for what he did to me; only gain has come to me.*'"

She did not want this half-crazy person hanged on her account, and was quite anxious to get this request to someone. The murderer had been put in confinement, but apparently was not hanged on account of his dementia.

REGARDING the Information Bureau, Miss Ashmun explained that it was the means of bringing occasional souls in contact with those in earth life. There is order and intelligence always, on any of the numerous levels of the higher, finer worlds. Each person while living gives out, in addition to his aura, a luminous emanation; this the discerning *psyche* knows how to interpret. The emanation from Mrs. A. N.'s soul showed probably the psychic faculty well developed, so that the "departed" soul could readily communicate with her.

THE SEVERAL striking things about this released soul as mentioned, were, the unbroken continuity of her consciousness between the previous earth-plane and her present level of existence. Usually the soul is so perturbed when it suddenly loses its physical vehicle, that it remains in an unconscious or suspended consciousness for some time.

Her pronounced desire to remain in an earthly condition and not rise higher for the moment, is unusual. As a commendable social worker she would naturally possess an advanced spirit capable of functioning on some higher level.

Another striking fact is here given in her tragic and apparently painful death: that suffering is only momentary. For the moment that unconsciousness occurs, either naturally, or even artificially, as under anesthetics, all feeling and suffering cease for the personality, even if there are any muscular contractions, or any other reflections and movements to be seen. Miss Ashmun claimed her suffering was very brief, terrible as it might appear.

MISS ASHMUN, as described, was clearly a free spirit, happy and interested in all her new experiences. She, however, was not earthbound in any sense, but simply intensely interested and absorbed in the affairs of this life, which were not to be obliterated in a day, even though her *psyche* was detached from its world body and lost its external contact with mortality. Gradually, however, even though she told Mrs. A. N. that she was not ready for the higher levels, she would lose her earth contacts and her subtler spirit would take her Ego into higher dimensions.

After several communications with Mrs. A. N. she communicated back again. This, if anything, proves the gradual recession of her spirit from the earth and its mortal conditions of conscious living.



THE proximity of the different levels of existence is again demonstrated by such indubitable contacts as these. Another testimony is thus given of a soul one day active in the mortal body, the next day seemingly "dead" as we call it, but actually fully alive on some plane that is merely invisible to our clumsy physical senses.

That soul tells us of another world that even before being able to fathom it, is realistic and moves harmoniously in comparison to the one from which she has just stepped out. Mrs. A. N. asserts that she was wide-awake, as it was altogether in her waking state that this meeting came to her; there was no illusion about it, nor was she at any time in state of trance.

Mrs. A. N. is not a Spiritist medium. She is a simple but active soul, sensitive to occa-

sional vibrations or impressions from life's invisible dimensions.


MRS. A. N. observes that sudden death requires active attention by guardian people. Psychic writers have told us this was particularly the case during the two world wars, as so many died who were not ready temperamentally for the transition. Clairvoyants described them as wandering about until taken in charge by what we call Afterlife Guides.

Mrs. A. N. compares these guardian helpers to obstetricians caring for the rebirth of each individual soul into the next world. For odd as it might seem to us, Mrs. A. N. is told that these Guardian Invisibles, as she calls them, must act quickly to insulate the psychic or Light Body when it becomes separated from its physical body. The illustration to childbirth is not inept.

There is one fact with which the present world is in alignment. That is the care of the body. There are many idealists and religionists who do not properly evaluate it. The body is not to be pampered or coddled. On the other hand, it ought to be kept in the best of health condition, which, needless to say, is not only invaluable in mortal life but also at the transition known as "death." The physical body is a necessary protection to the soul, as it insulates it from any exposure to the thought-atmosphere that surrounds it. The healthier it is, the better this insulation.

THAT beneficent persons on this plane of existence sooner or later join the group of invisible helpers on the next plane, is the current theory of occultists and mystics.

And yet scientific researchers into the great field of psychical activity uniformly encounter these intelligences or traces of their offices. Usually it seems to be a process that "graduating" souls are met and nursed by the relatives and loved ones to whom they "belong"—who have gone "on" before them and are patiently awaiting their arrival, thus to be of service.



Does Your Husband Browbeat Your Intellectualisms?

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darndest lot of knowledge today . . . listen while I tell you about it!" And the wife listens and is interested as her husband is interested, as a matter of mutual concern. The average woman is only too eager to have her husband bring home his mental interests so she can share them.

The more accurate explanation lies in Karma.

Prior-life memories are bestirring in the Subconscious, when the loss of the other was direct and tragic because of his or her departure from orthodox religious or cultural standards.

Well, what to do about it?

Different women find different solutions.

ONE BRAINY Massachusetts woman solved such a situation by a clever bit of social strategy. She wrote that her husband had developed an unreasoning animosity toward Soulcraft, "ordering" her not to have another piece of Soulcraft mail delivered at their home under threat of its breaking up their marriage. She got two men friends, likewise interested in Soulcraft, to argue its doctrinal points in her recalcitrant husband's hearing, purposely to arouse and incite him. When he attempted to intrude with his opinions, one of them made a point of acquainting him with the fact that nobody so dumb as he should attempt to investigate what was beyond him intellectually. Such course of treatment had the effect of stinging the husband into investigating Soulcraft, in order to be able to show his

shop critic how wrongly he had been estimated. Instead of prohibiting his wife from receiving Soulcraft literature, the husband was caught secretly stealing it from the mailbox before his wife received it . . . not to hold his own with his wife but to hold his own with male associates. When, by prearrangement, his wife took his part in one of the discussions brought about by strategy, the husband was so grateful for her assistance that animosity about her further study of the Scripts vanished utterly. Forthwith they began their studying in concert.


It was, and is, one way to make converts. But the rancorous student is usually in a state of rage at his own implied inability to understand it, so he crams to save face and prove his critic wrong.

On the other hand, if the husband has neither pride nor intellect of his own—resenting his wife's because she is naturally a smarter person than himself—her problem is the age-old quandary of what the gentlewoman does when wedded to the boor. The self-respect of most women kills whatever sense of constancy they would otherwise feel toward their mates as a matter of social decency.

However, the average wife or husband, confronting animosity toward intellectualism generally in a partner, is playing against little more than vanity—or karmic memories.

It is emotion, not principle, that one is called to battle.

How does one overcome the effects of prenatal emotion?



Sorrow never leaves us where it finds us

WHY Do You Have Instincts and Where Do They Originate?

**¶ HAVE You Ever Considered that They May
Constitute the Clearest Possible Evidence
that You Have Lived on Earth Before?**



CLEARER AND Stronger it is coming home to sages and savants in Psychology and Psychiatry that there has been altogether too much deification of Instinct and "Inherited Traits" in treating with Obsession and Paranoia. That a definite character-attribute making for delusions either of persecution or grandeur can be transmitted from parent to child via the route of spermatozoa, is asking cells of flesh and blood to relay moral traits—which approaches the absurd. Cells, like any other material in a mundane world, can be broken down into atoms with protons and electrons—with interplanetary distances between. Like Consciousness, we may ask in what particular proton or electron a given urge to do this or that resides? Or does it reside in the immense spaces between? If it resides in immense spaces be-

tween, have we not license to imply that it exists in the discarnate?

How much easier it is, logically, to say that Obsession and Paranoia are manifestations of Conscious Spirit pertaining to the individual memory involved, and stop for all time blaming myriads of witless ancestors for something with which they had no more to do than the Man in the Moon?

The psychologists, psychiatrists, and even in a measure the physiologists, have been handicapped in arriving at such distinction in the past because they have been unwilling to concede that Life is otherwise than animation of organism. When Organism ceases to show itself animate, they have said, Life ceases existing.

Psychical Research, at least in the human instance, is standing all such "reasoning" on its head.

Life may not do much manifesting apart from Organism—at least on this earth plane—but that is not saying that all Organism is confined to the exhibits of flesh we commonly touch with our fingertips or catch on a photo

EMOTIONS May Be Fused Memories Striving to Become Vital and Articulate

film. Organism may still be organism and yet be integrated and manifest on octaves of perception that ordinary senses cannot reach. The eye, for example, cannot see the ultra-violet, but that is no sign that ultra-violet light does not exist. Furthermore, we are beginning to get all sorts of evidence that behind Brain is Mind—that the two are separate entities. Brain is the neurotic clearing house of organism, and by the same token Mind is the mental clearing house of spirit. Brain perishes with organism, but Mind continues existence because spirit is deathless. In treating with Mind and Spirit, therefore, we are treating with the real substance of Memory.

True Memory is pertinent to Mind and Spirit, not to Brain and Organism, although cranial operations may handicap Brain from functioning and thus affect Mind when it operates in and through Organism. Because true memory is an attribute of Mind and Spirit, people "remember" their earth-lives after they have graduated onto loftier octaves. Unless we admit this, the whole hypothesis even of traditional religion falls down, for if there be no "remembering" of earth-lives in the heavenly state, there can be no such thing as identity of the soul-personality in the heavenly state. You can't damn a soul to hell, or purgatory, or reward it with Heaven, if it has no way of knowing who or what it has been formerly on earth. But to get back to Instinct . . .



CONCEDE, for the sake of argument, that Instincts are a fused form of memories of all the lives one may have lived to date—profitable, non-profitable, or inappetent—and the enigma of Instinctive Behavior begins to clarify.

We don't run from a tooth-gnashing foe in the forest because our Nordic grandsires did the same in the fens of prehistoric Europe—and passed their primordial terrors on to us via spermatozoa. We run from ominous noises in the brush because we have our own private and personal memories of times when threatening sounds from the undergrowth betokened no good to our own longevities. We don't recall it in the specific instance of being attacked and disemboweled—we have fused all such memories long-since into the attribute within ourselves called the Emotion of Fright.

Emotion is Memory of Effects considered abstractly!

Strange indeed it is, that men will resolutely deny Repeat Birth when all the quandaries of Mind and Biology resolve to explanation as it is admitted, but acceptance of it confronts

them with possibility of repeating on distressful earthly experience, and so they elect to sustain the quandaries.

Adept mystics are long since aware that the man, woman or child doesn't live who cannot, under exceptional conditions, have the "memory veil" swept aside from the eternal recollection and the whole long roster of past lives come back into consciousness. The reason people fight such possibility is the realization that they have deeds in such memories that they choose not to remember, but prefer to take out their rancors at it on the reincarnational process instead of upon themselves.

Proceed upon the assumption—again for the sake of argument—that Emotion is Fused Memory, and the nature of the Emotion should betoken the nature of the thing or things that the Soul-Spirit is seeking either to perpetrate or forget. Incidentally, there is a two-edged sword in such memories. If one deny organic rebirth because of the things one elects to forget, one is likewise denying himself all the antipodal things that one might choose to recall . . . forever and a day. But that is beside the point . . .



CONSIDERING certain Emotions as being Fused Memories, then the nature of the Emotions should serve to indicate the Memories from which they sprang. Webster defines emotion as being a departure from the normal calm state of an organism of such a nature as to include strong feeling, an impulse toward open action, and certain internal physical reactions, or any one of the states designated as Fear, Anger, Distrust, Grief, Joy, Surprise or Yearning. Very Good. Look to Fear,

Anger, Distrust, Grief, Joy, Surprise or Yearnings for the situations in life that breed them reactively, and one can be practically certain that earlier experiences of being involved in precisely such situations are responsible for the phenomena that we now would term Instinct.

Man, in the higher branches of spiritual academics, is constantly admonished to "conquer his baser instincts." What Man is really being admonished is to recognize the causes making for memories and rise superior to collateral emergencies of the passing moment. We say he is valorous if he does this. What he truly is, is Practical.

To be "practical," one treats with a situation in terms of expedencies of the instant in application to factors.

The proposition originally engaging us was, what does one do to overcome the effects of a prenatal emotion?

We look at all current factors duplicating the emotion, and we become practical. "Fear" is our anticipation of harm to accrue to us in event that we are unable to inflict on an adversary the damage he would inflict on us. Fear, in other words, is an admission of possible weakness or deficiency of strength in a perspective emergency. We learn to overcome it by Audacity or Courage, calling up reserves from within ourselves that we were scarcely aware we possessed. By willfully overcoming Fear, therefore, we learn what extraordinary reserves we do possess. This is Nature's way of causing us to discover them.

Anger, Distrust, Grief, Joy, can as well be attributed to fused memories of our feelings in former circumstances creating them. When we "control" these within ourselves, what we truly would seem to be doing is putting memories out of function. If we don't care to accept such hypothesis, then how explain the phenomenon of Personality itself? Like individual identity in Heaven, Personality must be made up of all reactions to all experiences. But of what use is a reaction, indeed how can it dictate conduct to itself, without memories

of situations and their effects to supply discrimination?

Over and above all of these, is the greater therapy of acknowledging first of all the Rebirth Hypothesis, because from such acknowledgment spring all phases and aspects of being willing to entertain antidotes.

WE SAY that we are "overcome by a strong emotion." We might more accurately declare that "we are overtaken by recollection of similar feelings experienced under similar or allied circumstances." And if, as, and when we condition ourselves to credit such happenings, true wisdom commences to unfold in a largess.

First, whole segments of our lives and fortunes begin to sort themselves out;

Second, we begin to see logical reasons for things that have always been enigmas to us otherwise;

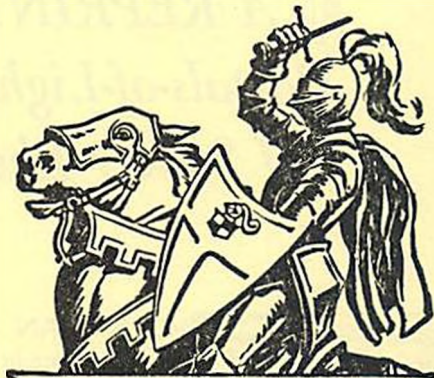
Third, we anticipate what the effects of a given situation may be by striving to recall consciously our reactions gone before, and we discover odd stamina coming to our aid because we likewise have the tendency to remember that the anticipated penalties did not accrue in the stringent fashion or nature that we previously had assumed.

All of which is a backhanded way of saying that any recollections, no matter how vital, no matter how graphic, cannot all be negative or distressful. Joy, Anticipation, Expectancy, Hope . . . what are these also but fused memories of well-nigh ecstatic realizations that happened over and over, long ever ago? We "know what it feels like" to be accommodated in all our anticipations because we have known gratification of them, thereby proving to ourselves that gratification is quite as possible as disappointment or discomfiture.

When we once stop to give a little thought to the recollections of this present life, we can understand how much more influential the recollections of previous lives may be when considered in the accumulate.

So it is always a safe wager to assume that

Personality is the sum-total of the recollections of all the lives we have ever lived. This for the reason that we could not have acquired enough experiences in the brief span of our present days to produce the multiform personality that now distinguishes the least of us. We admit this at present, no matter what our reincarnational views, when we attribute certain tendencies in our natures to hereditary instincts. This is acknowledging the process without taking personal blame for the facts of it.



And that, of itself, is an embarrassing give away that we do admit in our subconscious minds that no vague and indefinite forebears were truly responsible for what we have become. We are admitting it by confessing that the process is reasonable if we can only be absolved from individual involvement in it. So the true issue is not the logic of the process but the fact of personal involvement.

Our discomfiture over it indicates we know we have been involved, else we would contain ourselves with absolute dispassion.

Why do vast segments of intelligent mortals, cheerfully and without contest, admit to Reincarnation? . . . because they are not at all fearful of facing their own memories of involvement in earlier concerns. They know that the betterments in living exceed the distresses. Furthermore, concession means utter rationalizing of all mundane enigmas.

And that, in the last analysis, means utter tranquillity to the Deathless Soul . . .

WHAT the Soulcraft Mentors Say about the Space-Craft

¶ *A REPRINT, by Request, of the Final
Portals-of-Light Discourse on Significance
of Saucer Phenomena in Current Skies*



EVERY MAN wonders, at some time in his life," the Mentor went on, the cadence growing stronger in my Inner Ear, "Why the earth-world into which he has come is what he finds it. He does not appreciate that it is a stage in the evolution of his race or species, consistent with his own development of spirit. You may say in your childish ignorance of such matters that the earth conditions prescribe what man displays as his spiritual development. We say solemnly unto you that you need the earth-world because of what it gives you that you could not obtain elsewhere.

"Know you, dear mortal brother, that all worlds that you displayed across your heavens of a clear dark evening, are by no means the heavenly bodies that you imagine them to be. When you think of a planetary world in the

sky, you think of a contemporary orb that is duplicate of your own. So it may be in many geologic or astronomical features. But there the analogy begins and ends.

"Four hundred million worlds may exist in either and none be precisely like unto one another. Eight hundred million fiery orbs may appear visible in heavens through your expanding telescopes, but the cause for their existence may be eight hundred million years removed in culture and progress from your own. We have told you that your universe has no end in majesty, and you thought we meant glory seen with the eye. We were speaking of glory manifested in created life upon it, in cultures and institutions, in aspirations and achievements.

"Man—divine man—is man going to school, we tell you, to the Infinite. But Man as you know him in his present stage of spiritual evolvment is strictly distinctive unto himself. Would you be surprised if we informed you that only upon man's earth as you feel it beneath your mortal feet is so-called Sin and Crime existent as a lesson in spirit's cosmic at-

tainment? What would be your reactions if you could become convincingly aware that on no other planet or heavenly body visible in starry night, is such a vicious practice as military War considered glorious . . . when creatures dress their sons in military uniforms, equip them with weapons and dispatch them to fields of mutual carnage and extermination in masses? War as war is not a crime so much as a passing phase in spiritual awareness for its abhorrent disruption of heavenly plans for man's educative profit. Do you know that such lessons are only to be learned upon the plane of solar earth, and that nowhere else can man—the spark of divine consciousness developing into a god status—secure them?

"It is not a pretty place, this planet of yours, as a scene of brotherly dealing. It is as close to the allegorical hell of the old theology as you can identify up the cosmos. And yet it has lessons to be learned by endurance of it . . . lessons of plowing the soil of spirit, as we said, lessons of harvesting the fruits of spirit, as we said.

"You declare that man is transcendent. Man is climbing up the worlds. Man is a creature born in iniquity and learning what not to do to display true divinity. We who live upon the heights of life express it in a different aspect . . . We say to you that life on your earth today, is a way-station, or a station-stop, between the old-fashioned Purgatory of spiritual beastliness and the true heaven of celestial majesty, that can only be reached by acquiring a true experience knowledge of all that exists for spirit to know. It is a peculiar condition of spirit culture, where man beholds evil for what it is because he suffers its effects upon his organism and from his organism into his eternal memory . . . thus carrying about in his soul's growth the memory of one planetary span of Incredible Folly.

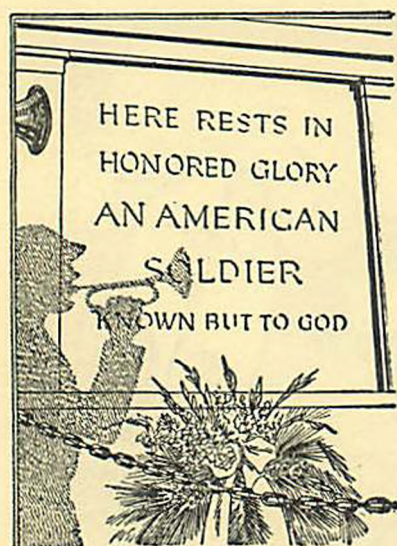
"You think your earth-world the acme of solar excellence. You see the fallow fields



*SHAN, or Earth, is the
only planet, apparently,
distinguished by War,
Crime Corruption and
Chicane in the Whole
Galactic System . .*

plowed, the seed in furrows, the blades of edible plants come up. You say Nature is orderly, and within such orderliness man develops physically and gains to strength and longevity. You thank your God for these. But that is because the geese are grateful that there is a South to which to fly when the northern cold begins. That is because the field is plowable and industry is rewarded with edible increase.

"What if we told you that you live on the only planet in the universe where by the sweat of his brow Man needs strive for organic nour-



ishment, that the effort of striving adds something to his eternal memory that he retains always when he becomes as a god, knowing good and evil? Could not organism live on natural elements, do you think? Could not the mist that goes up and waters the ground, water man's spiritual growth as well? Why the need for humble toil to earn a humble farthing? . . . It is because these things are evidence of a procedure of all-embracing consciousness. It is because Man must work out the destiny of his spirit in every experience the charted worlds have to offer. But this planet of yours is the sorrowful planet, because it is the planet of growth through toil and lust and greed and selfishness and murder. It is the planet of animal manners—if you will pardon the expression. **IT IS THE PLANET THAT YOU ARE BORN UPON AND PROCEED TO HAVE DONE WITH AS SOON AS POSSIBLE**, because it is so unendurable compared to other planets where life is more majestic. Remember this well, for one day you will have evidence from the skies themselves that it is true. Yes, in your lifetime you will have it."

I combatted this to a degree. I said, "If man doesn't have the opposition of Nature to overcome, how does he develop industry, pa-

tience, long-suffering, kindness under pressure of soul as well as body?"

"Because," the Mentor came back, "the retarded state of your human consciousness prevents you from seeing the process of Cause and Effect in one. You see Cause as one unit, Effect as another. You do not see Process comprising the two. If you could see that, it would be necessary for you to live one in order to arrive at the other. There can be a state of spiritual education where sheer observance is enough, to detect the wrong from the right and the right from the wrong. If your early racial specimens had not mixed species in a vast sodomy and degraded your own celestial heritage and intelligence, you would be noting what we are talking about now. You cannot do it with the animal handicap befogging your cognizance. So your sorrowful planet and the life it holds on it matures. When we say Heaven is all about you, we speak more truthfully than you suspect. Heaven is all about you indeed, in literal worlds as far removed from you as day is from night."

"All of which," I said sadly, "leaves me more or less just where I started in respect to knowledge of Luther Robbins' and my contacts."

"We told you," the Mentor concluded then, "that there are those who go into the world as plowmen to point out to man what his duties are to himself in this field of thorns in which he has imbedded himself. There are those who go in as harvesters of souls, drawing them up and out of the nettles, that they may behold the beauties of the characters they have evolved, and will take with them into higher frames of majestic Space and worlds to which this world is noncomparable. Both have met on the field of humanity's fertility, specialists in the aeons, imbued with his specialized industry for the Lord of the Harvest. But be not dismayed. Within your own lifetime revelation will come of the significance of the whole of it, and mankind shall see himself as he is. Return to this room the evening that is coming and we will tell you more . . ."

I waited. The strange "heat" began abating at the top of my spine. I sat wondering, pondering, musing at this somewhat ambiguous converse. What did it profit me to call this explanation for Luther's and my contact? Then I fell thinking over the literality of what had been announced . . .

Could it be a fact that this planet of ours was the only one in the universe where war and crime and selfishness and greed dominated the social scene? . . . what a difference it might make in one's philosophy of existence really to credit it? And what could possibly be meant by the announcement that "one day you will have evidence from the skies that it is true?"

That was back in 1930, I say. Twenty-three years bygone.

Now harken carefully, my dear Soucraft people. You can believe this or not, but I give it to you for what it is worth . . .

The other morning here in Noblesville I sat opening the mail. Suddenly I came upon a letter postmarked from Prescott, Arizona. I slit it open and started reading. And the dear lady who aids me in this task of correspondence every morning of the year, can attest to the strange rash of startlement that arose on my bared forearms as I ran my eye through a communication and testimony from one of the men in the West who tell me they are in conscious communication with the occupants of the Space Ships. Let me read you the letter he wrote me—deleting only those matters that have no bearing on this discourse . . .

Dear Mr. Pelley: Yes, the Fish Age is gone and we are now in the Air Age. I recognize you as a man specially chosen and fitted for your task by divine guidance. There are many such men and women in the world today. It is such individuals who will lead us in this New Age . . .

"The earth has suffered long enough. It is true . . . **WE ARE THE ONLY WARRING PLANET!** We, who thought our development was so grand, now discover that we may be little more than the trash of the universe.

You say our theological thinking needs cleaning up . . . how right you are, dear friend. I do wish you could have been present when we received our code messages from space and from some of the other planets themselves. We even had contact with other solar systems—although of course our weak, puny code was transmitted and relayed by space craft in our atmosphere! The information is astounding.

"Yes, there are thousands, even MILLIONS of years ahead of us. However, there are far-distant systems that seem to be beneath us in progression but in this section of the universe, we are the backward ones. Make no mistake, these Space Friends are coming from many different places, all of different degrees of attainment. Recently I was in Indiana. If I had known of you then, you can be sure I would have stopped over to see you, for we have information that I know you would be thrilled over.



"Any publicity you care to give our forthcoming book, **THE SAUCERS SPEAK**, will be greatly appreciated, as we need all the help we can receive to get this truth before our people . . .

"Yes, our Space Friends have developed tremendously along spiritual lines. We discovered this in our own work. One night after completing our work for the evening, we sat around the radio equipment discussing a problem common to all of us. The transmitter was OFF—we were sending no message on the problem and therefore expected no answer, but the receiver was still on. After about 40 minutes of concentrating on the problem at hand, hoping for a solution, the receiver began to respond in code. **OUR FRIENDS KNEW OUR PROBLEM, WERE ANSWERING IT FOR US!** Remember we were not consciously



trying an experiment in ESP, but here it was, undeniable evidence and proof that they had received our very thoughts. We never cease to thank our Infinite Father for His goodness in allowing us to be the recipients of such a thing."

Now listen to this, all you prophets of gloom all over the country . . . My correspondent's letter goes on to state in capital letters—

"They have told us that . . . **THEY WILL NOT ALLOW OUR PLANET TO BE DESTROYED**"—evidently having reference to the devastations of the atom bomb, particularly the hydrogen bomb. "They have told us they will never permit our planet to be destroyed; if it had not been for them, we would not be here even now. It's that certain element in our national affairs, the same people who imprisoned you, that's keeping this information from our people. **THEY KNOW WHAT THE SAUCERS ARE, AND HAVE HAD CONTACT THEMSELVES.** It won't be long, and the people of the world will be free from the bonds of slavery that have kept them from the truth for centuries.

"Anything I have said here can be used as you like. We send our deepest regards to you and yours there. Although we haven't met on this earth-plane, somehow I know we have met before and are here to accomplish our mission. Yes, it's good to be alive! . . ."

And do you know whose signature was appended to this communication, it was George

Williamson's, anthropologist with his name in the latest Who's Who in America, one of the five persons with George Adamski to behold the famous Saucer come down in the desert, near Blythe, California, and who saw Adamski approach the occupant—allegedly from Venus—and converse with him, near enough to observe the physical features of the space man, himself . . .

IT'S A long throw back to the Rev. Luther Robbins, I say, one of the reborn church fathers who plowed a straight furrow up to 1930 and happened to meet me in the center of the Lord's wheatfield as I came in to begin the job of harvesting what he'd helped sow thus conscientiously up fifty years of this present generation. Over a quarter century the Higher Mentors have been telling me, preaching to me, enlightening me, that only the good and the beautiful is in store for man on this planet, that it is due to arise from the degradation of the only planet knowing wars, and take its place in the true celestialty. Remember those words Mr. Williamson declares in integrity to me that he has heard . . . Our beloved friends from Outer Space, coming here to succor and advance us, have said through special mediums like George Hunt Williamson and his companions, **THEY WILL NOT PERMIT THIS PLANET TO BE DESTROYED** . . . What news could I bring you on these tapes that is more significant?

Short Master Messages . .

Not Included in the *Golden Scripts* . .

"A New Host Rusheth unto You . ."



BELOVED of my bosom:
What wist ye that I
say unto you, that ye
mayest sing my birth-
song?

2 I say that it is pass-
ing fair that ye do
keep the season, but
out of the mouths of
babes and sucklings
ariseth a carol that is
vaster in its sweetness:
That all men shouldst

have known unto them the beauties of my
tenderness, that humankind shouldst fear not
the courage of its own loveliness, that evil men
shouldst call themselves out into dawns of wis-
doms; that the still, small voice shouldst come
unto the stalwart saying, Know ye not it is I?
Why seek ye the vigilant, slumbering among
the slothful?

3 These are my thoughts that I tell you with
a gladness: Behold a fairer time is with you
than any men have dreamed of: behold there
is gladness again in the heavens when a host
not of earth is seen of all shepherds.

4 Their voice is a paean, voicing their gentle-
ness: We have fought and found a conquer-
ing, we have loved and found a mating, we
have given our beauty unto the slothful, we
have put on new robes and their fragrance
proclaimeth us, our beards are anointed by the
wines of fine cajolings!



5 If we, being risen, are displayers of glories,
what tardiness plagueth you, that ye rise not to
our fellowship?

6 Hear my words, beloved!

7 High in open heavens, a new Host rusheth
unto you; it singeth of beauties whose eagerness
greeteth you;

8 There is a new trumpet and an excellent
tongue to voice it; there is a new paean and
a stronger throat to roll it, there is a high sum-
moning and yet a new joy that Man perceiveth
to surfeit the threats to darkened infinities.

9 These things a new Host voiceth, and their
silver hath a trade-stamp that rebuketh man's
incredulence.

10 Of old it was said unto you that shepherds
in the fields did watch their flocks by night.
And was that such a misery? Wouldst ye pour
out your pities on those who see Omnipotence?
What wonderings are those of shepherds, that
they shouldst be consoled with?

11 I say that it is ever thus with shepherds,
that the blacker the midnight in which they
give all helpless sheep protection, the more
dazzling the Vision awarding their vigilance.

12 Doth the snug town know them not? Are their limbs chilled by guarding? I say they are favored of their own bleakness to hear the high anthem sung through constellations!

13 Now I tell you that a new voice and a new promise rolleth earthward in a darkness; a new sky and a new marvel proclaimeth its spectacle unto those guarding lovingly:

14 Be ye glad of heart, O nations, for unto you returneth the Loyal One anew; he looketh not unto the proud for his raiment, he taketh not his scepter from hands sick with cunning!

15 Behold he marketh the fair brow and the eager runner, he bespeaketh all shepherds in the voice of their callings, he giveth the anointed their phials of ministrations.

16 Mark it well, beloved! Times are upon you when a new star singeth sweetly on the outposts of New Bethlehems.

17 There be men now of tiny thought-press who dwell in their enshroudings; their snugness bewitcheth them: in that worldly things enroof them they see not the beacon that burneth for all Wise Men.

18 Expecting a comet they are hid from that Candle that filleth suns with envy.

19 Wouldst ye be of these proscribed ones? wouldst your intellects know a seal whilst ye cry with a joy: Whence ever cometh one who is strong enough to burst it?

20 I have told you that I come, that the earth doth receive me: I say that my might shall be as that circlet of gold upon the infant's finger, yet shall it tie the planets in their orbits; it shall render its flats unto the nations yet cleave unto the sweetness of the thrush's note at sunset.

21 Behold it hath been told you that mighty men do bestrew my pathway with their wonderings; I say, the wayward shall wipe the secret tear that such tenderness hath reached them.

22 The strong in spirit shall withdraw into their closets praying: Father, send us forth as the times beseech our ministrations.

23 I say unto them, Go! for a new nativity hath endowed you with a ministry; there is a

New Star in the East that henceforth leadeth all wise men throughout eternities!

24 Ye who have watched on bleak hillsides, take heart! The Shepherd of the shepherds hath arrived back in Circumstance; he who hath known the night's silence before you hath laid hand to his staff that the sheep may be counted.

25 What do ye with tinsel toys at such a time, beloved, when the bread of despair is the meal of the multitude? I say that it is better to give them the Promise and the Treasure that hope openeth her coffers, that wise men come not on three wearied beasts but with cavalcades of luxuries, that their backs shall be freighted with bewildering bales of equities!

26 Why seek ye not the living amongst those having life? Doth it profit the least of those among you to rejoice in his living when hills of dead surround him?

27 Ye have come and gone in circumstance and Fear hath been your watchword. I tell you the mighty have already fallen.

28 Now the glory cometh in!

29 Man hath his work to seek, his tumult to endure, his hour to contest, his mote to pluck from his own eye before he conferreth bright sight on his brother.

30 What is that, beloved, to shepherds in eternity?

31 Have ye a Candlemas emblazed amongst you? I say unto you, Keep it. But keep it not for Him who walketh through the nebula;

32 Keep it for One who hath trod your path before you, who hath given you your valor, who hath strengthened your feet with the sweet oils of tragedies.

33 How cometh He unto you unless He singeth jovously? How go ye out to hear him unless His ears hear you? How perceive we the majesty and glory of the radiance unless we have tended the flocks of the helpless?

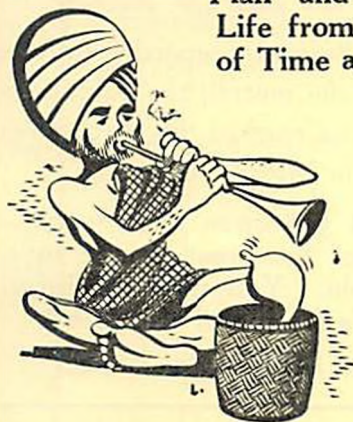
34 Rejoice then and be glad that an angelic host hath found you, that it marketh your vigilance over many flocks at midnight, for even as ye do see it, ye do greet your own kindred!

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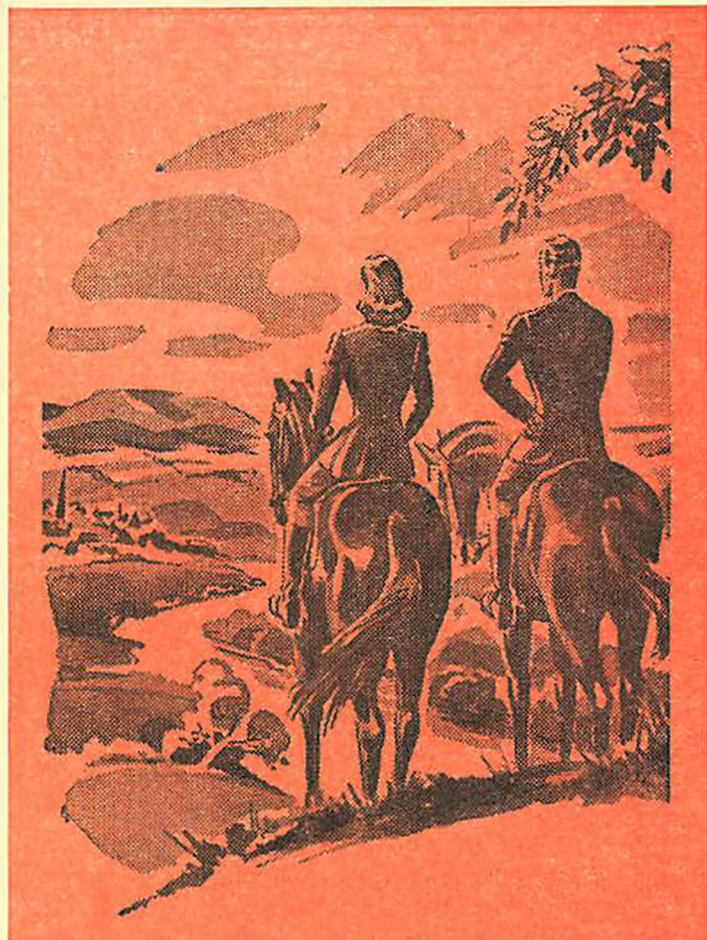
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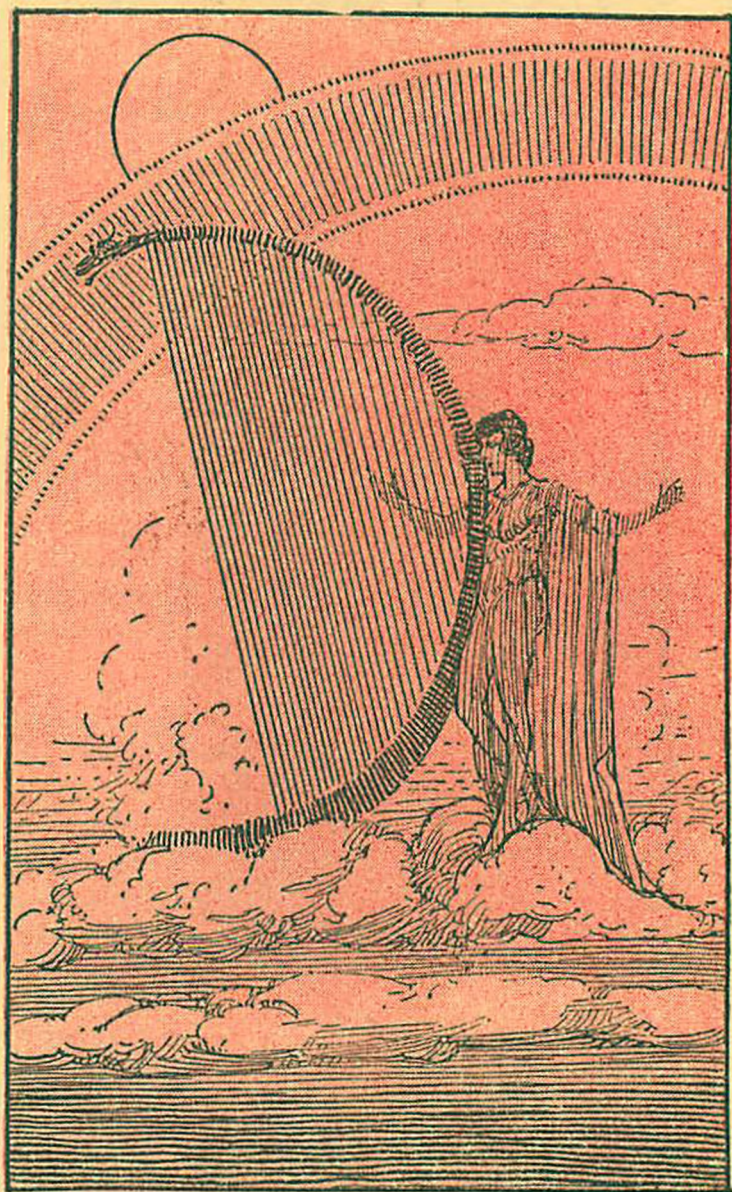
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